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THE NE
PUBLIC
ASTO
TILDEN FO
R

WALLER.

'Tis innocence and youth, which makes
In Chloris fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A. Engraved by

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. VI.

COWLEY, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

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SELECT POEMS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the son of a grocer, was born in London, in 1618. His father died before his birth; and his mother had to strive against difficulties of every sort, in procuring her son a liberal education. After considerable solicitation, he was admitted into Westminster School; where he soon showed himself by no means unworthy of his mother's anxiety. According to Dr. Sprat, who must make him a wonder, his memory was so defective, 'that his teachers could not bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar:' but, according to his own account, he was such 'an enemy to all constraint,' that his 'master never could prevail on him to learn them without book.' While yet a school-boy, he composed *Love's Riddle*, a pastoral comedy. *Pyramus and Thisbe** was written at ten; and *Constantia and Philetus*, at twelve.

* It was dedicated to Osbaldiston, his schoolmaster; who, in 1639, fell one of the many victims to the despotism of Archbishop Laud, for holding a correspondence with Williams, the Archbishop of York. When the goods of Williams were distrained to pay his fine of 10,000 pounds, the officers found some of Osbaldiston's letters, in which the words 'great little man,' and 'little urchin,' were applied to some nameless person. Laud took them to himself. Williams was further fined 8000 pounds, for receiving libellous letters; and Osbaldiston, besides a fine of 5000 pounds, was sentenced to have his ears nailed to a post in front of his own school.

In 1636, he was sent to Cambridge; wh[illegible] intenseness of his application is sufficiently [illegible] in the composition of a great part of the *Dav[illegible]* a work, of which the bare materials could [illegible] be collected by a mind of ordinary activity, [illegible] the search of many years. When the Pr[illegible]nce Wales passed through Cambridge, at the rup[illegible]ture the civil war, he was entertained by a come[illegible] called the *Guardian*, which was sketched out [illegible] Cowley, and repeated by his fellow-students. [illegible] was revived, after the restoration, under the ti[illegible] *Cutter* of Coleman street;* and, though condemn[illegible] in public,—for the strangest of all reasons,—as b[illegible]ing a satire upon the royalists,—when it was a satire upon any thing else, it continued, nevertheless, to be acted, in private, with sufficient applause. In 1643, being ejected from Cambridge, as a nonconformist to republicanism, he took refuge in St. John's College, Oxford; and not only distinguished himself by the publication of a satire, called *The Puritan and Papist*,—but became a favourite with all that were left of the king's adherents, by the ardour of his loyalty, and the politeness of his conversation.

When Oxford was surrendered to parliament, he fled, with other Royalists, to Paris; where he became secretary to the Earl of St. Albans; and was employed in the confidential office of cyphering and decyphering the correspondence between the king

house. But he saved the ignominy by flight; leaving a note in his study, that 'if Archbishop Laud inquired for him, he should be informed, that he was gone beyond Canterbury.' Godwin's Lives of the two Philipses, [London. 1815. Longman, &c. p. 38. The popular novel of *Rob Roy* has made the name of Osbaldiston familiar to all readers.

* Dr. Johnson and the other biographers after him, have entitled it *The* Cutter of Coleman street: but, as *Cutter* is a principal character in the play, the title, according to the London editor, should designate a person, instead of an office, and be written, therefore, [illegible]hout any article. Yet the name was probably derived from the [illegible]ce; and the title might have been intended to denote a charac[illegible], and not an individual.

and queen. In 1647, he published the *Mistress;* a poem, or rather, a series of poems, filled with extravagant descriptions of the mode, in which he was torn to pieces by love; though, he tells us himself, that they were written, merely because 'poets are hardly thought freemen of their (the muses') company without paying some duties to love;' and though we are told by Barnes,* that, in truth, our poet never was in love but once in his life, and then, had not courage enough to declare his passion. In 1656, he was sent to England, for the purpose of collecting information on the state of the country; and the more effectually to cloke the design, he became a doctor of physic, in the following year, and made himself busy in the early experiments of the Royal Society. Unluckily however, an officer of the government, in quest of another state culprit, apprehended Doctor Cowley; who was thrown into prison, and compelled to find bail for a thousand pounds. It was about the same time, that he formed a resolution of coming to America; and truly, when a man is driven from his own country,—harassed while abroad, and persecuted and imprisoned, as soon as he returns,—when he can live quietly in no part of the old world, where he would choose to live at all,—it is not wonderful, that he should seek refuge in the new. But, in the end, instead of crossing the Atlantic, he only went down into Kent; where he commenced the study of botany, and the composition of his poem on Plants.

Some time afterwards, he went again to France, and staid till the restoration. But the restoration brought him no good; for, though he wrote a Song of Triumph on the occasion, and had been promised the mastership of the Savoy, by both Charleses; yet his revived comedy of the *Guardian* was unfortunately supposed to be a satire upon the Royalists;

* Barnesii Anacreontem.—Lond. Ed.

and, as his services were no longer wanted, his preferment was no more considered. His writing a *Complaint*, and calling himself 'the melancholy Cowley,' had little effect in improving his situation; and, seized again with a 'vehement desire' of solitude, he went first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. And did misfortune leave him here?

'TO DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

Chertsey, May 21, 1665.

'THE first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am unable to move or turn myself in bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so farre within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the Dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton-Town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti.*

ABM. COWLEY.'

How far his catalogue of miseries was subse-

quently extended, we know not. It was closed by his death, in 1667; which, according to Dr. Anderson, was occasioned by a 'defluxion of rheum,' like that mentioned in the foregoing letter. His body was pompously attended to Westminster Abbey, and deposited between Chaucer and Spenser.

It is in Dr. Johnson's life of Cowley, as our readers all know, that he gives an account of what he styles the *metaphysical poets*. We have already had occasions to touch upon the characteristics of the school; and, after what has been so happily expressed by our predecessor, we have not the heart to enter more fully into the exposition. It is enough for us to say, that Cowley is a distinguished follower of the sect; and that he is one of the few writers, who could reconcile us to the absurdities, of which the system is so necessarily prolific. His great object was to shine as a wit; and, though he stood among the most learned men of the age, his learning seems to have been of little consequence, only as it rendered him the more witty. Wit, indeed, according to the purest sense of the word, he neither possessed, nor coveted. It was that sort of wit, which Addison calls *mixed;* consisting chiefly of thoughts, which are true in one sense, and false in another. 'Observing the cold regard of his mistress' eyes,' for example, 'and at the same time their power of producing love in him, he considers them as burning glasses made of ice. Finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, he concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. And upon the dying of a tree, on which he had cut his loves, he observes that his flames had burnt up and withered the tree.' Such conceits, if they stood naked, would be little better than monsters; but, clothed, as they are in Cowley, by a rich profusion of learning, they often surprise and delight us by their novelty, though they may not warm or move us by their truth

There is no class of poets, besides the metaphysical, to which our author can be referred. He has tried the epic, the elegiac, the didactic, the pindaric, the amorous, the burlesque; and has indulged himself in every sort of metre, from two syllables, to twelve. He was the first to teach, by example, however, that a translator is not bound to tread in the exact footsteps of his original; but may follow on, with a pace free from every shackle, except such as are imposed by the idiom and principles of his own language.

> That servile path he nobly did decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
>
> *Denham.*

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

TENTANDA VIA EST, &c.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts, or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in the' other fame does lie,
The weight of-that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on. What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the buried man.
Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
And march the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way!

Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best friends, my books! and lead m
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me no
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd the' earth, the whole worl
Welcome learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongu
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, the
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upwards g
See us, and clouds, below.

ODE. OF WIT.

Tell me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it?
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love 't, either in love or dress.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.

nder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
ke spirits, in a place we know not how

London, that vents of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more;
For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass
As through a multiplying glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis, a Wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And Wits by our creation they become,
Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet.
All, every where, like man's, must be the soul,
And Reason the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.

Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
(Jests for Dutch men and English boys;)
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostic poetry:
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face.
'Such dross the fire must purge away: 'tis just
The author blush there, where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the power divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree;
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life:
Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which, without discord, or confusion, lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you:

I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen;
And, if any ask me then
What thing right Wit and height of genius is,
I'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe; Learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose:
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the Dane:
So thousand divers species fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.
And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into the' noise and business of a state.

All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labour are at least his sport;
Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learned make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow;
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?
Such is the man whom we require, the same
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battles born:
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more:

Whom England now no more return'd must see;
He's gone to Heaven on his fourth embassy.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to say
H' had been abroad, or pass loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the West;
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say, that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he saw that he through all had past,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Hence, and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew
His native Belgia what she's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, t' avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief; our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to 's own.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times;
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,

Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itself was but a second name.
He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all
Were, like the science, free and liberal.
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just, as he
Was nought on Earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As sure and fixt as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts, so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd;
And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with 't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain:
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less;
But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLA

WELCOME, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of peace and you;
Two greatest blessings which this age can kno
For that to thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
Others by war their conquests gain,
You like a god your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks fo
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knell
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous th
And only work't by such a king.
Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain;
The armour now may be hung up to sight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqueror's brow:

such a game what fool would venture in,
here one must lose, yet neither side can win?
How justly would our neighbours smile
At these mad quarrels of our isle;
ell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
nilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play!

w was the silver Tine frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore!
waters ran more swiftly than they use,
d hasted to the sea to tell the news:
The sea itself, how rough so'er,
Could scarce believe such fury here.
w could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
st, and its master Charles, had made us one.

blood so loud as that of civil war:
It calls for dangers from afar.
t's rather go and seek out them and fame;
us our fore-fathers got, thus left a name:
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their children's veins.
ay sit we still, our spirits wrapt in lead?
t like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

e noise at home was but Fate's policy,
To raise our spirits more high:
a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,
shes his sides and roars, and then away.
How would the German eagle fear,
To see a new Gustavus there;
w would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
r Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles's days!
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whose very peace itself is victory!
When heaven bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things;
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less;
And we, the prophets' sons write not by guess.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
(Though poets in that word with painter share)
T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
An art like Painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't; for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces so with their live objects strive,
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.
Nature herself, amaz'd does doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand;
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express
His all-resembling pencil did out-pass
The mimic imagery of looking-glass.

s his life less perfect than his art.
ı his hand less erring than his heart.
vas no false or fading colour there,
ıres sweet and well-proportion'd were,
her men, set next to him in view,
'd more shadows than the men he drew.
ıll he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call;
reverend Luke salutes him first of all;
he beholds new sights, divinely fair,
ıld almost wish for his pencil there;
ıot gladly see how all things shine,
usly painted in the Mind Divine,
ıe, for ever ravish'd with the show,
ıis own art which we admire below.
ıis beauteous lady still he loves,
ve of heavenly objects Heaven improves)
bright angels in pure beams appear,
ıks on her he left so like them here.
ı, fair widow! who stay here alive,
: so much rejoices, cease to grieve:
's and griefs were wont the same to be;
ɔt now, blest pair! to disagree.
ler Death move not his generous mind;
l a new-born you, he left behind:
:e express'd his love to his dear wife,
him end your picture with his life.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be so;
Like loving stars, which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end:
But Love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, every where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart:
Miracles cease not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's sun does shine;
He in the upper air and sky
Does no effects of heat bestow;
But, as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
t their love then seems but self-love to be

h day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at least, a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
shall themselves make winds to get to you.

housand pretty ways we'll think upon,
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
t knocks against the breast to get away.

d, when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease;
Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
its and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE

BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

ADON, my lord, that I am come so late
express my joy for your return of fate?
when injurious Chance did you deprive
liberty, at first I could not grieve;

My thoughts ahwile, like you, imprison'd lay;
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud
Should every man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to show itself the last,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips doe fall;
As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.
Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The consulship of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his spirit constant and stedfast prove
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
That it out-shone other men's happiness:
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have laid it on,

You'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy—the least part of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conscience and heroic mind
In ills their business and their glory find.
So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most show'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakness and your strength before.
T' oppose him still, who once was conquer'd so,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your slave.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I little thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little much to shew;
Who, all the good she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,
We'll write whate'er from you we hear;
For that's the posy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his former face does shew,
Winding into himself again;
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis said, that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great Devil, charm'd to those circles
dwells.

They, who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring, th' equator Heaven does bind.
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be
'Tis thou must write the posy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the Sun pass through't twice a year
The Sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious
things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light;
Let them want no noble stone,

By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

Who says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-star, and shall be our sun.
But our scene's London now; and by the rout
We perish, if the Round-heads be about:
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when we know
Cheapside-cross falls for making but a show?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may pass too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poesy, which was always so.
But we contemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their censure than their praise:
Our Muse, blest prince! does only on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.
Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

The play, great sir! is done; yet needs must fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your highness; and we 'ave now
Three hours done treason here, for ought we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

Immodicis Brevis est Ætas, & rara senectus. *Mart.*

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever; and my life, to moan?
O, thou has left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on Earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youth to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight:
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here; [have,
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul;
We 'ave lost in *him arts that* not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
    Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
    Though his own searching mind before
    Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
    As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, queen of virtues! sway;
    And all their sacred motions steer,
    Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all Heaven one wa

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
    Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
    Like the Sun's laborious light,
    Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so goo
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
    Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell
    But danger and infectious death
    Maliciously seiz'd on that breath,
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for Heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wheresoe'er thou casts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthy poesy,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

ODE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. Od. v.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah! simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so camelion-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the wind sound highe
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears,
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay;
And trusts the faithless April of thy May

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
T' whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM,

Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis, &c.
L. v. Ep. xx.

If, dearest friend, it my good fate might be,
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wandering time into a method bind;
We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply:
Sleep, not controul'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite:
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions, which ourselves should choose,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
Such dearest friend! such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
But sees good suns, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away:
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

N HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

HINKS heroic poesy till now,
e some fantastic fairy-land did show;
s, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
l all but man, in man's chief work had place.
u, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms,
t drive the monsters thence, and end the charms,
ead of those dost men and manners plant,
things which that rich soil did chiefly want.
ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
ght by thy Muse to fight and love so well.
y fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
ne from the grave past monarchies recall;
nuch more thanks from human-kind does merit
poet's fury than the zealot's spirit:
from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
with more lustre and triumphant state,
n when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.
vill our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
raise him up much better, yet the same:
od-like poets do past things rehearse,
change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.
ith shame, methinks, great Italy must see
conquerors rais'd to life again by thee:
'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
e men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
think all ill but that which Rome does give;

The marks of old and Catholic would find;
To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter age should see all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse;
And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AN ANSWER TO

A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a northern people (whom the Sun
Uses just as the Romish church has done
Her profane laity, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with brisk racy verses; in which we
The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and see;
Such is your present to us; for you must know,
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,
No more than sack: one lately did not fear
(thout the Muses' leave) to plant it here:

But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge,
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by ——— ——— esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.
Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To rhyme with, than *Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in scorn o' th' Muses' law,
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were;
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of God save the king.
Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace,
(Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most singular blessing, and no less
Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far
From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
That even Satan himself can accuse
None here (no not so much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.
Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear
Verse, who (a devil) should import it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing,
As who did first wild beasts int' islands bring;

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Unless you think that it might taken be,
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea:
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
The parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths a
fifteenths too.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;
The Phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest:
That right Porphyrian tree which did true lo
shew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights out-shi

"Taste not," said God, "'tis mine and ang
meat;
A certain death doth sit,
Like an ill worm, i' th' core of it.
Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and ea
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this grew yet more bli
than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With slight and withering leaves that nakedness to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons of Earth
Shall sweat for food in vain,
That will not long sustain;
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That serpent too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd;
That learn'd and eloquent lust;
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust."

REASON,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
Their course here to direct;
Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold t' enjoy:
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
What but a sordid slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
And fast, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
And bastard forms obtrude;
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
She Saul through his disguise did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
"Behold! the Gods arise."

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
Its old orig'nal fall;
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
With thousand lights of truth divine:
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.
Ah, wretched we, poets of Earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old

And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice, to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell;
Nor have we quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And, though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!
Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to make.
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive thy death,*
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

* Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and grief,
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

A POEM

ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR.*

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER, 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C.'s, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works,† makes mention of some poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judi-

* This and the two following poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection.

† See p. 45 of this volume.

cious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

What rage does England from itself divide,
More than the seas from all the world beside?
From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What English ground but still some moisture bears,
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!
How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
Nor did his glory set but with the Sun.
In vaid did Roderic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now most basely we begin
To labour more to lose than he to win.
It was not so when in the happy East,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's Isle possest:

'Gainst the proud Moon, he the' English cross display'd,
Eclips'd one horn, and the' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
We should with as much zeal fight to destroy!
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
And see his cross worse than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.
To what with worship the fond papist falls,
That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls:
So, 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,
One makes false devils, t' other makes false gods.
It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
By a sword stronger than the salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French did fight,
With women's hearts, against the women's right.
The' afflicted Ocean his first conquest bore,
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore;
As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
Which his wide soul bound with an island in.
Where's now that spirit with which at Cressy we,
And Poictiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we strive,
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive!
It was not so when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry serv'd the Rain and Sun:
A nobler fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stopt his course a fight to view!

Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from the' English bow;
Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Cæsar and how Edward fought.
It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main;
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she shook!
To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæsar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We're not their offspring; sure our heralds lie;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpent's teeth for us;
We could not else by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.
Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if Earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright Sun that measures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.

Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd;
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
Than sixteen years we endur'd our happiness;
Till in a moment, in the North, we find
A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.
As soon the North her kindness did repent;
First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.
Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
On which side dwelt the English, which the Scot,
Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
Whilst all the' affrighted fish sank down apace.
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,
Chose to fall calmy in a golden shower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known;
So strangely prodigal of late we are,
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.
How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
But first by slandering those blest days of peace?
Through all the excrements of state they pry,
Like emp'ricks, to find out a malady;
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
The' ague to cure by bringing in a fever:
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed!

And cowardice did valour's place supply,
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in these men appears,
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we scar'd ourselves; and who
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to keep
For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep!
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury now:
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be restor'd to them from whom they came:
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,
Alas! they allow set forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in injustice wise,
The many headed rout for justice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In senseless clamours, and confused noise,
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Bistonian women's mixen sound,
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there.
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown

Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear Church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move:
The same drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readilier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noise of tumults is no shame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same;
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,
He's a large prisoner in all England made!
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore;
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them more;
He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.
The sea they subject next to their command;
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land.
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and scorn,
As poor as these, now mighty men, were born;
When straight whole armies meet in Charles's right;
A man would swear, that saw this alter'd state,
Kings were call'd gods because they could create
Vain men; 'tis Heaven this first assistance brings,
The same is Lord of Hosts that's King of Kings.
Had men forsook him, angels from above
(The' Assyrian did less their justice move)
Would all have muster'd in his righteous aid,
And thunder 'gainst your cannon would have play'd.
It needs not so, for man desires to right
Abus'd mankind, and wretches you must fight.

Wor'ster first saw 't, and trembled at the view;
oo well the ills of civil war she knew.
wice did the flames of old her towers invade,
wice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid.
ere first the rebel winds began to roar,
rake loose from the just fetters which they bore,
er mutinous waves above their shore did swell,
nd the first storm of that dire winter fell.
ut when the two great brethren once appear'd,
nd their bright heads, like Leda's offspring, rear'd;
/hen those sea-calming sons from Jove were spied,
he winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!
ow fought great Rupert, with what rage and skill!
nough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill!
omely young man! and yet his dreadful sight
he rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.
ı vain, alas! it seeks so weak defence;
or his keen sword brings it again from thence.
et grieves he at the laurels thence he bore;
las, poor prince! they'll fight with him no more;
is virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,
enceforth he will not conquer, but his name.
ere —— with tainted blood the field did stain,
y his own sacrilege, and 's country's curses, slain.
he first commander did Heaven's vengeance show,
nd led the rebels' van to shades below.
On two fair hills both armies next are seen,
he' affrighted valley sighs and sweats between;
ere angels did with fair expectance stay,
nd wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;
here fiends with hunger waiting did abide,
nd cursed both, but spurr'd on the' guilty side.

Here stood Religion, her looks gently sage,
Aged, but much more comely for her age!
There Schism, old hag, tho' seeming young, a
pears,
As snakes by casting skins renew their years;
Undecent rags of several dyes she wore,
And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.
Here Loyalty an humble cross display'd,
And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd a
pray'd.
Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her head
Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,
And every serpent at each other hiss'd.
Here stood white Truth, and her own host do
bless,
Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,
And lyes flew thick, like cannons' smoky cloud,
Here Learning and the' Arts met; as much the
fear'd
As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.
What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight,
They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.
There ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to spy
So many that durst fight they know not why;
From those who most the slow-soul'd monks disdai
From those she hopes the monks' dull age again.
Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,
Never, alas! had she her Charles forsook!
For mercy on her friends to Heaven she cries,
Whilst Justice pulls down vengeance from th
skies.

Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, stood,
Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood:
A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,
And thrice the ghost of mighty Strafford groan'd.
Now flew their cannon thick through wounded air,
Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.
More than he them, thebullets fear'd his head,
And at his feet lay innocently dead;
They knew not what those men that sent them meant,
And acted their pretence, not their intent.
This was the day, this the first day, that show'd
How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd:
By this skill here, and spirit, we understood,
From war nought kept him but his country's good.
In his great looks what chearful anger shone!
Sad war, and joyful triumphs, mix'd in one.
In the same beams of his majestic eye,
His own men life, his foes did death, espy.
Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their heads.
They charge, as if alone they'd beat the foe,
Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.
They follow close, and haste into the fight,
As swift as straight the rebels make their flight.
So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear
And jealousy they fram'd had met them there.
They heard war's music, and away they flew,
The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.
Their souls, which still new bye-ways do invent,
Out at their wounded backs perversely went.

Pursue no more; ye noble victors, stay,
Lest too much conquest lose so brave a day!
For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate
Will not give all; but sets us here a rate:
Too dear a rate she sets; and we must pay
One honest man for ten such knaves as they.
Streams of black tainted blood the field besmear,
But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there;
They scorn to mix with floods of baser veins,
Just as the nobler moisture oil disdains.
Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,
Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie:
More honourably than —— e'er was found,
With troops of living traitors circled round.
Rest, valiant souls, in peace! ye sacred pair,
And all whose deaths attended on you there,
You're kindly welcom'd to Heaven's peaceful coast,
By all the reverend martyrs' noble host:
Your soaring souls they meet with triumph, all
Led by great Stephen, their old general.
Go,——, now prefer thy flourishing state
Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,
And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave.
Thus many sav'd themselves, and night the rest,
Night, that agrees with their dark actions best.
A dismal shade did Heaven's sad face o'erflow,
Dark as the night slain rebels found below:
No gentle stars their chearful glories rear'd,
Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
Lest wicked men their bold excuse should frame
From some strange influence, and so veil their
shame.

To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
They who ne'er err from one eternal line;
As just the ruin of these men they thought,
As Sisera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.
Still they rebellion's ends remember well,
Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain, fell.
For this the bells they ring, and not in vain;
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain:
For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,
When funeral flames might more befit their dead:
For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,
And, whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod;
They proudly now abuse his justice more,
Than his long mercies they abus'd before.
Yet these the men that true religion boast,
The pure and holy, holy, holy, host!
What great reward for so much zeal is given?
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou, Brentford, say, thou ancient town,
How many in thy streets fell grovelling down:
Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,
And dy'd anew into the name they bore:
Witness their men blow'd up into the air.
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share);
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they're tost by waves to shore:
Witness thou, Thames, thou wast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee;
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'st not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames! the best-belov'd of all
Those noble blood that meet at Neptune's hall;

London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the white nam'd palace shine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine:
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood! to thine own banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster!
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince, the Sea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.
Here Learning with some state and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books;
Both now eternal, but they 'ad ashes been,
Had these religious Vandals once got in.
Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare,
For books they know the chief malignants are.
In vain they silence every age before;
For pens of time to come will wound them more!
The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,
Had suffer'd; this their avarice, that their hate:
Beggary and scorn into the church they'd bring,
And made God glorious, as they made the king:
O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's sight,
In those sad times, gav'st safety and delight,
The fate which civil war itself doth bless!
Scarce would'st thou change for peace this happiness.
'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here;
Think on thy sister, and then shed a tear.

What fights did this sad Winter see each day,
Her winds and storms came not so thick as they!

Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,
Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.
Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues;
By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.
Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,
Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,
And with just red new mark'd their holy-day.
Fond men! this blow the injur'd crosier strook;
Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove shew,
Where —— both begun and ended too
His curs'd rebellion; where his soul's repaid
With separation, great as that he made.
——, whose spirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame
O' th' British isle, and out this chaos came.
——, the man that taught confusion's art;
His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart.
His active brain like Etna's top appear'd,
Where treason's forg'd, yet no noise outward heard.
'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— said,
And all the popular noise that P— has made;
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,
And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties:
Him for this black design, Hell thought most fit;
Ah! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit!
If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,
Think on the West, think on the Cornish might:
The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race:
Here they of old did in long safety lie,
Compass'd with seas, and a worse enemy;
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
More cruel *and more* barbarous than those.

Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood
Of Pagan hosts have dy'd old Tamar's flood;
If any drop of mighty Uther still,
Or Uther's mightier son, your veins does fill;
Show then that spirit, till all men think by you
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true:
You 'ave shown it, Britons, and have often done
Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting Sun.
Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
As just and as successful as the old:
It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring
His richest waves to feed th' ensuing spring;
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.
Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see
How great a thing exalted man may be;
The world remains your debtor, that as yet
Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,
When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent;
Hopton! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,
So fortunate, his wisdom's useless made:
Should his so often-tried companions fail,
His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
Miraculous man! how would I sing thy praise,
Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays
Conquest hath given to thee; and next thy name
Should Berkely, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I'd rehearse,
But tears break off my verse!—
How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled;
Swift as the parted souls of those he led!
How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
For most are cyphers when the number's great!

Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
Than he himself ten thousand times told o'er.
Who hears of Streatton-fight, but must confess
All that he heard or read before was less;
Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
For all the blood this twenty years she 'as lost.
Vast was their army, and their arms were more
Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
So strong their arms, it did almost appear
Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.
In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,
When we bore arms and magazine within?
The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire;
It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
We scorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
A thicker smoke than all their cannon made;
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
With fruitless rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
All that a full-fraught victory can bestow!
Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds;
Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds:
With Hertford and the prince he joins his fate
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
The prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name;
Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd;
This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:

It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
Hail, mighty ghost! look from on high, and see
How much our hands and swords remember thee!
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
One thousand horse beat all their numerous power;
Bless me! and where was then their conqueror?
Coward of fame, he flies in haste away;
Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.
What meant those iron regiments which he brought,
That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?
No way for death but by disease appear'd,
Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:
Till, 'gainst all hopes, they proved in this sad fight
Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:
To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
And mustered up new troops of fruitless lyes:
God fought himself, nor could th' event be less;
Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the king!
In Keynton field they met; at once they view
Their former victory, and enjoy anew:
Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
To be the noblest scene of war and love.
Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
And chas'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead;

Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,
And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,
That toil'd and travell'd for thy victory:
Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;
To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee now.
From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and might;
Princes and God at any distance fight.
At her return well might she a conquest have!
Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
This in the West; nor did the North bestow
Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
With much of state brave Cavendish led them forth,
As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did choose:
So good a wit they meant not should excel
In arms; but now they see't and like it well:
So large is that rich empire of his heart,
Well may they rest contented with a part.
How soon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
And struck confusion into form and light!
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are straight their own,
As quickly as they vote men overthrown:
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,
And saw our victory *move not* half so slow.

I see the gallant earl break through the t
In dust and sweat how gloriously he shou
I see him lead the pikes; what will he do
Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he
Up to the cannon's mouth he leads! in w
They speak loud death, and threaten, t
ta'en.
So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wond
When he charg'd Jove, and grappled wit
der:
Both hosts with silence and with terror s
As if not he, but they, were thunder-stru
The courage here, and boldness, was no
Only the cause was better, and success.
Heaven will let nought be by their canno
Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlin
Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
And make all papists whom you cannot l
Let the world know, some way, with wh
vext,
And vote them Turks when they o'erm
next!
Why will you die, fond men! why will y
At this fond rate your country's slavery?
Is 't liberty? What are those threats we
Why do you thus th' old and new prison
When that's the only why; because you
Fain would you make God too thus tyra
And damn poor men by such a stiff decr
Is 't property? Why do such numbers, th
From God beg vengeance, and relief fro

* A line is here evidently wanting; but the defec
copies hitherto known.

Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd on, of all
Whom covetous or malicious men miscall?
What's more our own than our own lives? But oh
Could Yeomans or could Bourchier find it so?
The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
Did know no other way to see men die.
Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
Your sacrileges, and pulpit blasphemies?
Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic Earth?

The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATIRE.

So two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
Religion is a circle; men contend,
And run the round in dispute, without end;
Now, in a circle who go contrary,
Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
Allows a lye, and calls it pia fraus;
The Puritan approves and does the same,
Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
He flows with his devices, and dares lye
In very deed, in truth, and verity.
He whines, and sighs out lyes with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth
Lyes have possess'd the press so, as their due,
Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.

Lyes for their next strong fort ha' th' pulpit chose;
There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth and
nose,
And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
The poor book-turners of the middle isle;
Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold,
To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God; for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
Rewards them straight with another victory,
Just such an one as Brentford; and, sans doubt,
Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
Not all the legends of the saints of old,
Not vast Baronius, nor sly Surius, hold
Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric. Par.
Besides what your small poets said or writ,
Brooks, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit:
With many a mental reservation,
You'll maintain liberty:—Reserv'd "your own,"
For th' public good the sums rais'd you'll disburse
—Reserv'd "the greater part, for your own purse."
You'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
—Faith, let it be reserv'd here "if ye can."
You'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
—Reserv'd "in heaven"--for thither ye would bring
His royal head; the only secure room
For kings; where such as you will never come.
To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend;
—Reserv'd "in your own trunks." You will defend
The church of England, 'tis your protestation;
But that's "New-England" by a small reserva-
tion.

Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim;
Case hath got leave of God to do the same:
For you do hate all swearing so, that when
You've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.
They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no laity.
They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue,—
Fools understand not them, not wise men you.
They an unprofitable zeal have got
Of invocating saints that hear them not:
'Twere well you did so; nought may more be fear'd,
In your fond prayers, than that they should be heard.
To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
They'd ne'er see that i' th' divine looking-glass.
Nay, whether you'd worship saints is not known,
For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.
They by good-works think to be justifi'd:
You into the same error deeper slide;
You think by works too justifi'd to be,
And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
At Wor'ster, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
Only by faith, ye've got the victory.
Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their souls may bind)
As the great privilege of all mankind:
You're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid priests to marry: you worse do;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;
For you'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.
They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make:
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publickly said,
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad)
That to correct the creed ye should do well,
And blot out Christ's descending into Hell.
Repent, wild man! or you'll near change I fear,
The sentence of your own descending there.
Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's Prayer root and branch away:
And wisely said a Levite of our nation,
The Lords-Prayer was a popish innovation.
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.
They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! 't has oft been proved well,
Your ignorance is not invincible:

Nay such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you'd fain keep him too ignorant.
  Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does please;
For the same cause ye'ave made new Limbuses,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see.
But Pym can, like the pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.
  Their councils claim infallibility:
Such must your conventicle-synod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' Earth ye call,
To make't a council oecumenical.
  They several times appoint from meats' t' abstain
You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dress meat on Sundays you're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues working day.
  They preserve relics: you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one;
Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relic in her womb before she marry'd.
  They in succeeding Peter take a pride:
So do you; for your master ye'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.
He was a fisherman; you'll be so too,
When nothing but your ships are left to you:

He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride,
(Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' cross; that death's unusual now;
The gallows is most like't, and that's for you.
They love church-music; it offends your sense,
And therefore ye have sung it out from thence;
Which shows, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as music, but as good;
Your madness makes you sing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a tarantula.
But do not to yourselves, alas! appear
The most religious traitors that e'er were,
Because your troops singing of psalms do go;
There's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks before.
They of strange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourselves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' Devil's hurrying down the swine.
They have made images to speak: 'tis said,
You a dull image have your speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
They drive out devils, they say: here ye begin
To differ, I confess—you let them in.
They maintain transubstantiation;
You by a contrary philosophers-stone,
To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to ir'n and steel.
I' th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be

'hey make the pope their head: y' exalt for him,
mate and metropolitan, master Pym;
y, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
d most infallibly speaks nonsense there;
y, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, sir John Wray,
who does say, and say, and say, and say;
y, Lowry, who does new church-government wish,
d prophesies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish:
o can such various business wisely sway,
ndling both herrings and bishops in one day:
y, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
m master Calamy to mistress Ven,
perfect popes, in their own parish, grown;
to out-do the story of pope Joan,
r women preach too, and are like to be
e whores of Babylon as much as she.
'hey depose kings by force: by force you'd do it,
t first use fair means to persuade them to it.
ey dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here's the strife,
at you dare shoot at kings to save their life:
d what's the difference, pray, whether he fall
the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
ree kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own,
d, like the pope, usurp a triple crown.
Such is your faith, such your religion;
t's view your manners now, and then I've done.
ur covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,
here first the Irish lands, and next ye sell
e English blood, and raise rebellion here
th that which should suppress and quench it *there.*

What mighty sums have ye squeez'd out o' th' city:
Enough to make them poor, and something witty.
Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monies,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament priv'leges,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
Till th' spirit, and your synod mended it.
Where's all the twentieth part now, which hath been
Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen?
Where's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past?
For you're grown wretched pilfering knaves at last;
Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.
By what vast hopes is your ambition fed?
'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:
You must have places, and the kingdom sway;
The king must be a ward to your lord Say.
Your innocent speaker to the Rolls must rise;
Six thousand pound hath made him proud and wise.
Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
Would be like him;—would he were, face and all!
Isaack would always be lord mayor; and so
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the five members, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be but members five.
Only Pym does his natural right enforce,
By th' mother's side he's master of the horse.
Most shall have places by these popular tricks,
The rest must be content with bishoprics.
For 'tis 'gainst superstition you're intent;
First to root out that great church-ornament,
Money and lands: your swords, alas! are drawn
Against the bishop, not his cap or lawn.

ıot such lewd sacrilege begin,
ed by Henry's rich, successful sin!
! the monster-king of all that age;
ı his lust, but wilder in his rage.
t not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
sting Henry's tricks for wives;
wer churches hopes, than wives, to see
, and then their lands his own to be.
ındless tyrants! how do you outvy
henians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!
, injustice, cruelty, as far
those men, as you in number are.
nysteries of iniquity do we see!
risons made to defend liberty?
ods forc'd from us for property's sake;
l the real nonsense which we make!
oney was unjustly ta'en ye say;
lier far, you take the ships away.
igh Commission you call'd tyranny:
! good God! what is the High Committee?
l that gifts and bribes preferments bought:
ıey and blood too they now are sought.
king's will, the laws men strove to draw:
bject's will is now become the law.
fear'd a new religion would begin:
r religions, now, are enter'd in.
ng delinquents to protect did strive:
lubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, sav'd the Five!
ink th' parl'ment like your state of grace;
ver sins men do, they keep their place.
ns then were fear'd against the state;
rode swore last year* would be eighty-eight.

* *Viz. 1642.*

You bring in foreign aid to your designs,
First those great foreign forces of divines,
With which ships from America were fraught;
Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought
From thence, I say; next, ye the Scots invite,
Which you term brotherly-assistance, right;
For England you intend with them to share;
They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,
Must have the monies for their portion;
The houses and the lands will be your own.
We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to cure;
We thank you for true real fears, at last,
Which free us from so many false ones past;
We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,
As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost;
We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care in time we shall;
We thank you, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY-SISTER.

She that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that will lye, yet swear she hates a lyar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;

She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod, on the commandements:
She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the pope, and scratch out "sudden death:"
And for all this can give no reason why:
This is an holy-sister, verily.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR

OME COPIES OF VERSES,

ED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

heroes and of kings
numbers, mighty things.
muse! but lo! the strings
at song rebellious prove;
s will sound of nought but love.
em all, and put on new;
nothing sure will do.
(said I) will me obey;
e, heroic notes will play.
began with thundering Jove,
immortal powers; but Love,
d, and from m' enfeebled lyre
le airs, such as inspire
ve and soft desire.
hen, heroes! farewell, kings!
y numbers, mighty things;
s my heart just to my strings.

II. DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The Moon and stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

Liberal Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.

Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV. THE DUEL.

Yes, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake:
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist:
But when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart
He shot himself into my heart.

The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the ma
No trench of work or life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I set out guards and scouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their swiftness try;
For from the body can they fly?

V. AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

When all the stars are by thee told,
(The endless sums of heavenly gold);
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly Autumn's head that fall;
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.

An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more;
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three;
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.
And, next to these, let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company;
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I'm sure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st perhaps that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum?
Why many thousands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host.
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid one,
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And *parched loves* beneath the line.

VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love;
A curse on her, and on the man,
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII. THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.

To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;

After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;

But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the god of Love.

How shall I lament thine end,
My best servant and my friend?
Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh, my master and my god!
For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
(Though I like not men should know it)
I am in naked Nature less,
Less by much, than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows
Of my mother's doves or sparrows,
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy style,
The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
Glided numerously away.
Like thy verse each hour did pass;
Sweet and short, like that, it was.
  Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they by Nature owe me,
The time that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown:

When they grow old, they grow to be
Too busy, or too wise, for me.
Thou wert wiser, and didst know
None too wise for love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
  Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be:
They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
Business, honour, title, state;
Other wealth they should not know,
But what my living mines bestow;
The pomp of kings, they should confess,
At their crownings, to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,
When at his mistress' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than men safe landed do the wind;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe;
Beauty alone they should admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor ask what parents it can shew;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.

They should not love yet all, or any,
But very much and very many:
All their life should guilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety:
Well remembering and applying
The necessity of dying.
Their cheerful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year:
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious string;
Verse should from their tongue so flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
I of the Grape no mention make.
  Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well;
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Cursed Plant! 'tis true, I see,
Th' old report that goes of thee—
That with giants' blood the Earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth;
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron, Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his tigers, he delights;
In all our Heaven I think there be
No such ill-natur'd god as he.

Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
To be the Muses' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou dost begin,
False fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness or to sleep:
Sleep were well; thou 'ast learnt a way
To death itself now to betray.
  It grieves me when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm, against Death's smallest dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in Death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

PINDARIC ODES,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE

ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.
Hor. I. *Ep.* iii. 3.

PREFACE.

If a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought, that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum) would but make it ten times *more* distracted than it is in *prose*. *We must consider* in Pindar the great dif-

ference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider, that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which, sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that, after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations: and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original:

which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me, that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating, (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sandys himself; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what *he spoke*, as what was his way and *manner of speaking*; which has not been yet (that

I know of) introduced into English, thou
the noblest and highest kind of writing i
and which might, perhaps, be put into tl
Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of a
This essay is but to try how it will look i
glish habit: for which experiment I hav
one of his Olympic, and another of his
Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF P

Written in praise of Theron, prince of
tum (a famous city in Sicily, built b
cestors) who, in the seventy-seventh
won the chariot-prize. He is commen
the nobility of his race, (whose story
toucht on) from his great riches, (an
common-place in Pindar) from his ho
munificence, and other virtues. The
cording to the constant custom of the p
sists more in digressions, than in the
ject: and the reader must not be ch
hear him speak so often of his own M
that is a liberty which this kind of po
hardly live without.

Queen of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?

Begin, begin thy noble choice, [voice.
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy
Pisa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;
Alcides too thy strings may move: [prove!
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims:
Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race!
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone,

They through rough ways, o'er many stops they past,
Till on the fatal bank at last
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily;
Which does itself i' th' river by
With pride and joy espy.
Then chearful notes their painted years did sing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other, wing;
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,
In Fortune's graceful dress, appear.
To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word, which forbids things to decay!
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
If in Alpheus' silver flight;
If in my verse, thou dost delight,
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of th
hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So, in the crystal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endless youth does please,
And thanks her fall into the seas.
Beauteous Semele does no less
Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;
Whilst, sporting with the gods on high,
She enjoys secure their company;
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity

But death did them from future dangers free;
What god, alas! will caution be
For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?
Never did the Sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,
And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretell but the
own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed
  The innocent parricide to bleed;
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:
  But better things did then succeed,
And brave Thersander, in amends for what was past,
  Brave Thersander was by none, [arose.
  In war, or warlike sports, outdone.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive;
He in my verse and thee again does live.
  Loud Olympus, happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemæa, does twice happy see;
  For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
  Was to thee double grown
  By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

  Greatness of mind, and fortune too,
    The' Olympic trophies shew:
  Both their several parts must do
    In the noble chase of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair virtue's picture seen aright
  But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
  And on short man long cannot wait;
  The virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for interest;
  With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well,
    and know
The' account they must hereafter give below;

Whereas the' unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults.
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults,

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like Sun's unwearied sight
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty clc
There neither earth nor sea they plough,
Nor aught to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies pa
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Muse-discover'd world of Islands Fortunate

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air:
There silver rivers through enamelled meadc
glide,
And golden trees enrich their side;
The' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the blest are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the he
Here all the heroes, and their poets, live;
Wise Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,

ho for his justice was thought fit
ı sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
leus here, and Cadmus, reign;
› great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
ıce his blest mother (who before
ıd try'd it on his body in vain)
now his soul in Stygian lake,
:h did from thence a divine hardness take,
does from passion and from vice invulnerable
make.

heron, Muse! bring back thy wandering song,
m those bright troops expect impatiently;
d may they do so long!
noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
l the game that does but cross thine eye:
ɔot, and spare not, for I see
ɔounding quiver can ne'er emptied be:
ırt use method and good husbandry,
ves on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
·e herself has unexhausted store,
ɔws in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
at no vulgar eye can trace.
, instead of mounting high,
t her humble food does hovering fly;
the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love;
ıt Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
bears loud thunder, and anon with silent joy
ɜ beauteous Phrygian boy
.ts the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
ometimes basks in the' open flames of day;
l sometimes too he shrowds
soaring *wings among* the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight;
To thy loud string the well-fletcht arrow put;
  Let Agrigentum be the butt,
    And Theron be the white.
  And, lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
  By the Castalian waters swear,
(A sacred oath no poets dare
    To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx profane)
  Swear, in no city e'er before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;
  Swear, that Theron sure has sworn
    No man near him should be poor!
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded hea
    But in this thankless world the givers
    Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
    'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
    Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
    It now an artifice does grow,
    Wrongs and outrages to do,
    Lest men should think we owe.
Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
    But all the malice they profess,
    Thy secure honour cannot wound;
For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
    Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agesidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised,) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge,) though the title of the ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the ode with that history.

Beauteous Ortygia! the first breathing place
  Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed
  Of bright Latona, where she bred

The' original new Moon!
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns w
grown!
Who, like a gentle scion newly started out,
From Syracusa's side dost sprout!
Thee first my song does greet,
With numbers smooth and fleet
As thine own horses' airy feet,
When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my song and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemæa, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best fame is that of happiness;
For whom should we esteem above
The men whom gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.
Lo! how it makes this victory shine
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the ravish'd maid she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to
heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
Said Jove, and, as he said,
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.

"And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,
And keep the value of our gift alive!
As Heaven with stars, so let
The country thick with towns be set,
And, numberless as stars,
Let all the towns be then
Replenish'd thick with men,
Wise in peace, and bold in wars!
Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation!
Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
With the Olympic olive to be worn,
Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of
Peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
At Chromius' hospitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin;
Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,
The ivory table crowded with a feast:
The table which is free for every guest,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For, as by Nature thou dost write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming
mass;
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.

She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
  And a vast bounty, apt and fit
For the great dower which fortune made to it.
  'Tis madness, sure, treasures to hoard,
And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
To lose the' occasion Fortune does afford
  Fame and public love to gain:
  Ev'n for self-concerning ends,
  'Tis wiser much to hoard up friends.
Though happy men the present goods possess,
The' unhappy have their share in future hopes no
        less.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
  And borne the noble prize away,
Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay!
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
The god, his father's blood, nought could restrain,
  'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,
  Wrapt in purple swaddling-bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
  Two dreadful serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings
        went;
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like thun-
        derbolts, present.

of th' amazed women dropt down dead
th fear, some wildly fled
t the room, some into corners crept,
ıere silently they shook and wept:
aked from her bed the passionate mother
leap'd,
save or perish with her child;
rembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant
smil'd:
e mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes;
as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd:
n vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
n vain their armed tails they twist,
l angry circles cast about;
blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul,
he squeezes out!

:h their drawn swords
ı Amphitryo and the Theban lords;
doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
'hey saw the conquering boy
ıgh, and point downwards to his prey,
e, in death's pangs and their own gore, they
folding lay.
ı wise Tiresias this beginning knew,
told with ease the things t' ensue;
rom what monsters he should free
'he earth, the air, and sea;
Vhat mighty tyrants he should slay.
reater monsters far than they;

ow much at Phlægra's field the distrest gods
should owe
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club should there outdo
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder
too:

And that the grateful gods, at last,
The race of his laborious virtue past,
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for
ever live;
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his senses please
In their harmonious, golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The Lion and the Bear,
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monster
there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The phenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings cou
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a sea to name?

Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain pours
along;
The ocean meets with such a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's
noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control:
Whether th' immortal gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;
Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief af-
fords—
He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the poet's power!

Lo, how th' obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracts pursues;
Does with weak, unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

Nor winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth, more necessary be,
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of Earth
To give the fruitful Year a birth)
Than Verse to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till Heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the Years to come, a numerous and well-
fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures
dance!
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands
divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;

Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shiv
stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;
As dispers'd soldiers' at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no les
fus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with v
course;
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the p
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too, that sits not

THE MUSE.

Go, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
  The queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;
  Put in nimble-footed Wit,
  Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
  Harness all the winged race:
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
  The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
  Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
    In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lies,
    In all their gaudy liveries.
  Mount, glorious queen! thy travelling throne,
    And bid it to put on;
  For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
    The passage press'd;
  Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
  Where birds with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;
    Where never yet did pry
  The *busy Morning's* curious eye;

The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and fre
  And all's an open road to thee;
  Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are know
  Thou hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great queen! in the same style
      he;
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'
      "Let it be."

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
  And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests ca
  Long since into the sea,
Brought up again to light and public use by thee
  Nor dost thou only dive so low,
      But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
  Where Fates among the stars do grow;
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
    And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, do
    Years to come a-forming lie, [sp
Close in their sacred fecundine asleep,
    Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
    Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
    They life and motion get,
  And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
Break through the shell, and take their everlastin
      flight!

And sure we may
The same too of the present say,
If past and future times do thee obey.
Thou stop'st this current, and dost make
This running river settle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake:
The fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.
This shining piece of ice,
Which melts so soon away
With the Sun's ray,
Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

Vast bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee!
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,

As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they, at least
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet possest,
And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted in the West.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite at [last:
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too:
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there; [air!
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond divining wands

We search among the dead
For treasures buried;
Whilst still the liberal Earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
Cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic Sense
Solid reason, like the shield from Heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Shines in gold and gems in every part,
Wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art!

A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies sight,
Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be thou'rt yet!
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
So contraries on Etna's top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire!
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
The' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep!
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be—
To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

DESTINY.

Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. *Manil.*

STRANGE and unnatural! let's stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themselves the' enliven'd Chess-men move!
Lo, the un-bred, ill-organ'd pieces prove
As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but we!

Here a proud Pawn I admire,
That still advancing higher,
At top of all became
Another thing and name;
Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight;
Here I the losing party blame,
For those false moves that break the game,
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd piec
bring,
And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated king.

"Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
And sense or reason tell," said I,
"These things have life, election, liberty;
'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
Their faults and virtues make their fate.
They do, they do," said I; but straight,
o! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and shadows
hat hinder spirits from being visible; [fell,
nd, lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
ith man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
An unseen hand makes all their moves;
And some are great, and some are small,
e climb to good, some from good-fortune fall;
Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
res, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

om the womb the mid-wife Muse did take:
ut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
ith her own hand she fashioned;
e did a covenant with me make,
cumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake:

"Thou of my church shalt be;
Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world,
Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wr
Content thyself with the small barren praise
That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence,
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than sh
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from
down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

Excellent Brutus! of all human race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
  Till men above themselves Faith raised more
    Than Reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
    The gentle, vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference:
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
    In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd, than the whole
        world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
        swerve
(Mistaken, honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve!
Th' heroic exaltations of good
    Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand
We look not upon virtue in her height, [still:
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
    In the original light;
  But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own Nature or Ill-custom's glass,

As 'tis no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem

Can we stand bye and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and rav
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend he bore
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome entl
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In the exact balance of true virtue try
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could de
That all men else should wish to se
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him shou
None can deserve 't but he who would
offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself i' th' terrors of the nig
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sp
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden fl
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sig
One would have thought 't had heard t
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.

Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
  But, unseen, attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou would'st have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
    Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
  Ill men, and wretched accidents, [sword?
The best cause and best man that ever drew a
          When we see
The false Octavius and wild Anthony,
    God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we say, but thine own tragic word—
That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solemn good, and greatest deity,
    By this fatal proof became
    An idol only, and a name.
  Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain;
    These mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
    Which these great secrets shall unseal,
    And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
    And show'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,
    When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd, like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise, and affright
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
    Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
    Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage,
    Their civil wars in man to wage.
    But thou by Heaven wert sent
    This desolation to prevent,
A med'cine, and a counter-poison, to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
    Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid pain,
    And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
    Fevers so hot, that one would say,
    Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
    Thou dost so temper, that we find,
    Like gold, the body but refin'd,
    No unhealthful dross behind.

'The subtle ague, that for sureness' sake
'Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Sysiphus's stone, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppress'd Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses, thou
Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters freely
flow.

'The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease
Which did on this his new-found world but lately
Yet since a tyranny has planted here, [seize,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is so quite rooted out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
f thou but succour the besieged heart,
'alls all its poisons forth and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
han Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
'hat need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy strong charms it must be gone
ough a disease, as well as devil, were called
Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;
Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.
As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physician's frequent malady,
Fantastic incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than they gave.
And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,

.nd better things of man report;
ıou dost make life long, and art but short.

'arned friend! it grieves me, when I think
'hat thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;
ll thy noble reparations sink
ıe sure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.
Archimedes, honourably in vain,
hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
hou thyself, their great defender, slain.
e'en compound, and for the present live,
ll the ready-money Fate can give;
Inbend sometimes thy restless care,
ınd let thy friends so happy be
" enjoy at once their health and thee:
hours, at least, to thine own pleasure spare:
the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
lestow 't not all in charity.
Iature and let Art do what they please,
ı all 's done, life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

.ife! thou Nothing's younger brother!
:e, that one might take one for the other!
What 's somebody, or nobody?
the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
o such nice distinction woven see,
ıs 'tis "to be," or "not to be."
n of a shadow! a reflection made

From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
    Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
    Up betwixt two eternities!
    Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endles oceans
        meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
    Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
    That Nothing, man's no wit!—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
    "Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
  The fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
  So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!
Oh! life that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphic entity of Fame;
    He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;
    But, oh, ye learned men! explain
    What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
        In six poor letters is!

In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd till now!

THE EXTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of Earth's proud title show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples pla

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect da

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where:
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was.

The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to Heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the Sun's light;
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies;
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him away;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they pa
them o'er!

He past by th' Moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Great Janus! (who dost, sure, my mysteries vie
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few,
If thy fore-face do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against me be,
(For 'tis not Peace that temples's gate does bind
Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a comi
find,

With thine old year its voyage take,
Borne down that stream of Time which no return
can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious Year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the Months, and Days, and
Though never any where they stay, [Hours,
Make in their passage all their prey;
The Months, Days, Hours, that march i' th' rear
Nought of value left behind. [can find
All the good wine of life our drunken youth
devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, some one offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run
at last.

If then, young Year! thou need'st must come,
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry)
Choose thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company.
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be seen among thy train:
Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:

Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there;
Vain Fruitless love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Although I fear,
There's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake:
Such love I mean, alone,
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
For, though I 'ave too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
That would ev'n happiest men affright;
And something still they'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy.
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it;
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once
into it.

LIFE.

Nascentes Morimur.

We're ill by these grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd:
From the maternal tomb
To the grave's fruitful womb,
We call here Life; but Life's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
We call our dwelling-place;
We call one step a race:
But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
Angels, who live, and know what 'tis to be;
Who all the nonsense of our language see;
Who speak things, and our words, their ill-drawn pictures scorn;
When we, by a foolish figure, say,
"Behold an old man dead!" then they [born!"
Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child

My eyes are open'd, and I see
Through the transparent fallacy:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like men of business; and for business walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journeys seem to make, [space:
O'er sea and land, the little point that has no
Because we fight, and battles gain;
Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain:"
Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
Rich, valiant, *wise*, and virtuous, seem to grow:

Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity,
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That single time might to a sum amount:
We grow at last by custom to believe,
That really we live:
Whilst all these shadows, that for things we take
Are but the empty dreams which in Death's slee
we make.

But these fantastic errors of our dream
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them
To be as long a dying as Methusalem.
The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, th
We seek to close and plaister up by art [womb
The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird, already wing'd to part.

THE XXXIVth CHAPTER OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.

Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
In strength and number more
Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
And from it streams a dismal ray:
I see the scabbard cast away;
How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feast!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,

Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.
The wide stretch'd scroll of Heaven, which
Immortal as the Deity think, [we
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ,
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not,
we admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire: [lend;
Th' exhausted Sun to th' Moon no more shall
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn
fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and
all.

And thou, O cursed land!
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
stand,
(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so [drink.
With human blood o'erflow, [away,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
The rotten corpse shall so infect the air, [prey;
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,

That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, surveys a ground,
So the destroying-angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss:
He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
"Brother leopard, come away;
Behold a land which God has given us in prey.
Behold a land from whence we see
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!"
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan,
The evil spirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night, affright;
The *Moon and stars*, their sole spectators, shall

And, if of lost mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relics but remain,
They in their dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces
shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

Is this thy bravery, man, is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures, the Creator said, were thine;
No creature but might since say, "Man is mine."
In black Egyptian slavery we lie;
And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery
Of tyrant Sin!
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our
In building up the monuments of Death; [breath
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the' promis'd Canaan above, [honey flow;
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant
And even i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see!
In vain did God to descend hither deign;
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be!

We will not let ourselves to go,
l with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharoahs grow.
Ah! lest at last we perish so, [prince,
nk, stubborn man, think of th' Egyptian
rd of belief and will, but not so hard as thou;)
nk with what dreadful proofs God did convince
: feeble arguments that human power could show;
Think what plagues attended on thee,
o Moses' God does now refuse, more oft than Moses he.

from some god you come," (said the proud king
With half a smile and half a frown;
what god can to Egypt be unknown?).
'hat sign, what powers, what credence do you bring?"
"Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
's Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
h' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
/hen, with an undiscerned birth,
'h' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
l his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
'pwards his threatening tail he threw;
'pwards he cast his threatening head:
He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
h flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
l, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
ft fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

annes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
nd with proud words allay'd the' affright.

"The God of slaves," said they, "how can he be
More powerful than their master's deity?"
And down they cast their rods, [gods:
And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
The evil spirits their charms obey,
And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the Old Serpent's first command.
And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
And they their threatening tails did twist;
But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd,
By God's miraculous creation,
His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
The helpless fish were found
In their strange current drown'd:
The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
About it blush'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
Nor all thy priests, nor thou,
O king! could'st ever show

From whence thy wandering Nile begins his course,
Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source;
And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed lest this do so!
What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:
The kind instructing punishment enjoy; [destroy.
Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall

The river yet gave one instruction more;
And, from the rotten fish and unconcocted gore,
(Which was but water just before)
A loathsome host was quickly made,
That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all
the country invade.
As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
(But like a friend he visits all the land
With welcome presents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erspread:
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noisome enemies;
From th' unexhausted sources till new recruits arise.
Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
The towns and houses they possess,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never sun-born frog durst to aspire,
And in the silken beds their slimy members place;
A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
But both were to no use;

As yet the sorcerers' mimic power serv'd for excuse.
"Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
They strook the earth a fertile blow,
And all the dust did straight to stir begin;
One would have thought some sudden wind 't had been
But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
And all the little springs did move,
And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor find.
The wretched shameful foe allow'd no rest
Either to man or beast.
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themselves confess'd
This was God's hand; and 'twas but just,
To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
With sullen noise they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.
Of harmful flies the nations numberless
Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast;
Of different manners, different languages;
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And some on green, and some on flowery food;
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.
Houses secure not men, the populous ill
Did all the houses fill:

The country all around
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came
(The mingled malice of their flame);
A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad composure make,
And over all the land did the full vial shake.
Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and shivering sweats,
On all the cattle, all the beasts did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plough;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow: [head,
The generous horse from the full manger turns his
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses;
The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler med'cine try,
And a disease, for physic, did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took;
The sorcerers did with wonder on him look,

And smil'd at th' unaccustomed spell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
He flings the pregnant ashes through the air,
And speaks a mighty prayer; [bear.
Both which the ministering winds around all Egypt
As gentle western blasts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender springs,
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
"Ye living buds why do ye stay?" [way;
The passionate buds break through the bark their
So, wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew:
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new;
A noisome spring of sores, as thick as leaves did sprout.

Heaven itself is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext!)
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound;
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way.
And straight a stony shower
Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the north.
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay:

: houses and strong-bodied trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;
: thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around,
ıe flying through the air, some running on the
ground,
Some swimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place; [seen,
: would have thought, their dreadful day to have
: very hail, and rain itself, had kindled been.

: infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'd this general massacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-stored Egyptian year
an to clothe her fields and trees anew.
en lo; a scorching wind from the burnt coun-
tries blew,
And endless legions with it drew
Of greedy locusts; who, where'er
With sounding wings they flew,
t all the earth depopulate and bare,
f Winter itself had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
e with large bounty to the thankful soil,
he wretched pillagers bore away,
nd the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer
reath'd forth a violent western wind,
ich all these living clouds did headlong bear
(No stragglers left behind)
the purple sea, and there bestow
:he luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.

With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his
so near.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful caves of Hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Substantial Night, that does disclaim
Privation's empty name—
Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the Sun's whole force could not oppose:
They with a solid cloud
All Heaven's eclipsed face did shroud; [earth,
Seem'd, with large wings spread o'er the sea and
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did at the dreadful sight wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd
to retire.
The living men were in their standing houses buried;
But the long Night no slumber knows,
But the short Death finds no repose!
Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured;
And Fancy's multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes invisible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;
The shock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.

t was the time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
l dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs
arose,
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
ıen lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
ose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the Sun's adulterate ray—
hael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journies of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
l with his winged will cuts through the yield-
ing sky.
pass'd through many a star, and, as he past,
ne (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.
a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
l a mild look of sacred pity cast
vn on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict the tardy punishment.
ı! yet," said he, "yet stubborn king! repent,
Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
the keen sword of God fill my commanded
hand;
'er but yet thyself, and thine to live:
Who would, alas! believe,
That it for man," said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
l yet for God so easy to forgive!"

le spoke, and downwards flew,
l o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he
threw,

Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
And close-wrought, to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors
And through the narrow'st walks of crooked pores
He past more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed pestilence in his hand;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly-temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid [land.
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple heir.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright;
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day:
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true-mark'd successor to be found.
Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does pos-
The festal Hebrew cottages; [sess

The blest destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
hat new begins their well-reformed year:
pon their doors he read and understood
God's protection, writ in blood;
'ell was he skill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
He bow'd and worship'd, as he past,
he mighty mystery through its humble sign.

'he sword strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
'o diligence or cost they spare
To haste the Hebrews now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is fear!
ut, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire struck out of stone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the blow.
orrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
Rage and revenge their place possess'd;
'ith a vast host of chariots and of horse,
nd all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he pursues;
'en times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war re-[news.
Fill'd with proud hopes, "At least," said he,
'Th' Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,
Will now revenge themselves and me;
ehold what passless rocks on either hand,
Like prison-walls, about them stand,
Whilst the sea bounds their flight before!
nd in our injur'd justice they must find
a far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;

Which shall with crimson gore
New paint the water's name, and double dye the shore."

He spoke; and all his host
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
And, with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten liberty.
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And saw a path hid yet from human sight:
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close embraces, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn show
The crowding people do,
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let th' admired triumph pass between.
The wondering army saw on either hand
The no-less wondering waves like rocks of crystal stand:
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The secret paths of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay
Deserted on the sandy plain:
The Sun did with astonishment behold
The inmost chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatso'er of old
By his own priests, the poets, has been said,
He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.

ed cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
'o th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
And saw behind th' unguided foe
March disorderly and slow.
'he prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
Shakes his imperious wand:
'he upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckoning wand espy;
traight their first right-hand files begin to move,
And, with a murmuring wind,
Give the word "March" to all behind.
'he left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
But, with a joyful, louder noise,
Answer their distant fellows' voice,
And haste to meet them make,
s several troops do all at once a common signal take.
Vhat tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell,
Which on the Chamian army fell,
Vhen on both sides they saw the roaring main
Broke loose from his invisible chain!
'hey saw the monstrous death and watery war
'ome rolling down loud ruin from afar;
n vain some backward and some forwards fly
With helpless haste; in vain they cry
To their celestial beasts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they upbraid;
n vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
'hey're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
'hat draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon them all.

SELECT POEMS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Colshill, in Hertfordshire, on the 3d day of March, 1605. He inherited from his father, who died while he was yet in the cradle, a yearly income, which was then worth 3500*l.*; and would now be valued at quadruple the sum. He received his probationary education at Eaton; and became, at an early age, a commoner of King's College, in Cambridge. He commenced politician and poet, in his eighteenth year; when he was made a member of parliament, and wrote the poem 'on the Prince's Escape at St. Andero.' He married Mrs. Banks, a rich heiress of London; who bore him a son and a daughter, and died in childbed, in 1630. Being still young, and wealthy, and gay, he undertook the conquest of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester; whom he plied with all the verses, which we find addressed to Sacharissa,—but who, in spite of his wit and his poetry, gave her hand to the Earl of Sunderland. In a widowed old age, she met Waller, and asked him, when he intended to write more such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, Madam,' he answered, 'and as handsome as you were then.' But it must not be concluded, that he remained single untill this time. After abandoning all hopes of the high-born Sacharissa, he directed his affections to a lower object, and finally married a lady, whose family was so obscure, that the

name is not yet precisely ascertained. It was Bress, or Breaux. Waller did not praise her in verses; and all his biographers know of her is, that she gave him five sons and eight daughters.

Between his 28th and 35th years, he wrote the verses 'on the Reduction of Sallee;' 'on the Reparation of St. Paul's;' 'to the King on his Navy;' 'on the Queen Mother;' and 'to the Earl of Sunderland.' During the long recess of Parliament, he enjoyed the society of all those, who were in the high places of government: but, as he was the nephew of Hampden, he could not engage their confidence; and, when the Parliament was assembled, in 1640, he soon made it appear, that their distrust was, by no means, unfounded. He delivered an elaborate speech against the King's demand of a supply;—a speech, which Dr. Johnson calls 'noisy,' because it was not loyal and churchman-like. When he afterwards opposed the abolition of Episcopacy, in the Long Parliament, our master says, he was 'so cool, so reasonable, and so firm, that it is not without great injury to his name that his speech has been hitherto omitted in his works.' And, therefore, he not only inserts it entire,—but cannot help regretting, that he, who could defend the Church so ably, should not have exerted the same ability in favour of the State; that is to say, in the cause of the King. Unfortunately, however, Waller would still speak as he thought; and the dauntless freedom, with which he censured or ridiculed every measure, which he judged impolitic or absurd, made his name a byeword of independence to both parties. Neither would trust him; but both feared him, and would gladly have availed themselves of his co-operation. He was sent, by the Commons, as one of their deputies to treat with the King at Oxford,—not, indeed, to take part in the negotiation,—but to add dignity to the mission: And, when he came to the place of treaty, the King, on

his part, showed him an equal mark of esteem, by assuring him, that, 'though last, he was not the least nor the lowest in his favour.'

He had previously sent him a present of a thousand broad pieces; which, like Philip's subsidy to Demosthenes, had nearly given our orator a silver quinsey. He turned out, at all events, to be an enemy of the Commons; though he was not exactly a friend to the King. He wished all his fellow-subjects to be loyal; but it was with the essential condition that he should make them loyal in his own way. He found, by conversing with his friends and acquaintances, that there were great numbers, who would be loyal, if they durst; that there were still greater numbers, who panted for peace, though afraid to oppose the war; and that it could only be necessary to inform this great party of their own strength, in order to unite them in a petition for a truce, and to frustrate the efforts of the insurgents to raise and appoint an army. About the same time, Sir Nicholas Crispe, who had procured the King 200,000*l.* in his exigency, and had raised and commanded a regiment, at his own expense, was ill-fated enough to anticipate, that the royalists must soon break out in the capital; and, that their rupture need not prove abortive for the want of ready leaders, he prevailed upon the King to send him a general power of appointing, when it should be necessary, such officers as he might deem adequate to the emergency. Waller's plot was discovered, as some say, by a servant, who lurked behind the hangings, while he was conversing with his friends; while others tell us, that it was brought to light by the knavery of a Presbyterian chaplain, who stole his papers. It was detected, however, in some way or other; and, although the two enterprises were entirely distinct, the detection of Crispe's design soon after followed. The commission from the King had been sent by the unconscious hands of Lady Au-

bigney; who knew nothing more of the packet, than that she was to deliver it, on the communication of a certain token from Sir Nicholas Crispe. One Tomkyns, Clerk of the Queen's Council, and a conspirator with his brother-in-law, Waller, was sinistrously chosen to carry this token to Lady Aubigney. He obtained the commission; buried it in his garden; and, when detected in the other plot, led to the discovery of this, by telling where the packet was.

When Waller found himself detected, he was in such utter consternation, that, according to Clarendon, 'he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen; all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse, which he had ever, upon any occasion, entertained with them; what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the Houses, and how they had encouraged him to oppose them; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some ministers of state at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all intelligence hither.' Waller's plot, of itself, was not so wicked or so bloody as to require this ridiculous alacrity of confession; but the Commons did not fail to identify it with the more hostile design of Crispe; and the two enterprises together formed a most opportune subject of clamorous alarm. It was soon noised, in every direction, that the plot was to seize the lord mayor and all the committee, and not spare one of them: and the Commons, after each had severally subscribed a covenant to detest, oppose, and detect all conspiracies against Parliament, appointed a day of thanksgiving for their wonderful delivery. Tomkyns and Chaloner, two of the ringleaders, were hung near their own doors. '*Waller*,' says Clarendon, 'though confessedly the

most guilty, with incredible dissimulation affected such remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding.' But he was at length tried and condemned by the council of war; and, had it not been for the interference of Essex, all his flattery, and money, and confession, and lamentation, could not have saved him from the halter. He was reprieved; and, after lying in prison a year, was permitted to exile himself to France.

He resided first at Roan; and afterwards at Paris; where he lived with such splendour and hospitality, that it became necessary, at last, to dispose of his wife's jewels. It was natural to begin to think once more of home; and, through the influence of colonel Scroop, who married his sister, he succeeded in obtaining Cromwell's permission to return. He took up his residence at Hallbarn, near Beaconsfield; and, in 1654, repaid the favours of the Protector by writing a panegyric on his virtues. He praised him again, at his death; and, then, at the Restoration, exerted his wit and his elegance, though with unequal success, in favour of Charles the Second. The king mentioned to him the disparity of the two poems; and Waller answered,—'Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.' He sat in all the Parliaments of this reign; was the companion of the greatest men in the kingdom; and had such a power of enlivening the bacchanalian carousals of others, though he drank nothing but water himself, that Mr. Saville said, 'no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.' Burnet tells us, 'he was the delight of the House; and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.' He was chosen a member of Parliament, again, at the accession of James, in 1685. At what time he quitted the political theatre, does not appear to be known; but, towards the close of life, he purchased

a small house at Coleshill; and said, that, like the stag, he wished to die where he was roused: Like the stag, however, he was disappointed. When his legs began to swell, he went to Windsor for medical aid; and never returned further than Beaconsfield; where he died and was buried, in October, 1687.

From the air of liveliness and ease, which are apparent in all the poems of Waller, one would be led to think, that they were struck out, upon the impulse of occasion. We learn from collateral evidence, however, that he was of a melancholic and contemplative disposition; and that he frequently said and wrote things, as extemporary, which had been the result of much previous reflection. He did not, indeed, write many things as extemporary at all. His wit was quick enough to suggest the ideas; but the language must have been the fruit of study. His verses grew smooth by the reiterated application of the style; and some lines in the Dutchess of York's *Tasso* are said to have been a whole summer under correction. His poems were chiefly written upon unimportant subjects: but Dr. Johnson has made rather a malicious selection of examples; and, when he remarks, that 'it is not easy to think without some contempt on an author, who is growing illustrious in his own opinion by verses, at one time, 'To a lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleases;' at another, 'To a lady who can sleep when she pleases;' now, 'To a lady on her passing through a crowd of people;' and then, 'On a braid of divers colours woven by four ladies'—he should have recollected, that he had himself indited verses, at one time, to a lady 'playing on a spinet;' at another, to a lady 'playing upon the harpsichord in a room hung with flower-pieces of her own painting;' now, 'On hearing Miss Thrale consulting with a friend about a gown and hat she was inclined to wear;' then, 'at the

request of a gentleman to whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle;' and, lastly, 'to Claude Philips, the itinerant fiddler.'

After Davies and Denham, the English began to imagine, that their language was not altogether insusceptible of polish; and Waller convinced them, that it might be rendered as smooth and harmonious as that of almost any other nation. He is said to have learned his versification from Fairfax's translation of *Tasso;* of which we subjoin a stanza or two.

> But father, since this land, these townes and towers,
> Destroied are with sword, with fire and spoile,
> How may it be unhurt, that you and yours
> In safetie thus, applie your harmlesse toile?
> My sonne (quoth he) this poor estate of ours
> Is ever safe from storm of warlike broile;
> This wilderness doth us in safetie keepe,
> No thundering drum no trumpet breaks our sleepe.
>
> Haply just heav'ns defence and shield of right,
> Doth love the innocence of simple swains,
> The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
> But seld or never strike the lower plaines:
> So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
> Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gaines.
> Nor ever greedie soldier was entised
> By povertie, neglected and despised.

It is amusing to follow up a traditional allusion:—

> Ὀρᾶς τὰ ὑπερεχόντα ζῶα ὡς κεραυνοῖ ὁ θεὸς οὐδὲ ἐᾷ φαίνεσθαι, τὰ δὲ σμικρὰ οὐδὲν μιν κνίζει; ὁρᾶς δὲ ὡς ἐς οἰκήματα τὰ μεγάλα, ἀεὶ, καὶ δένδρεα τὰ τοιαῦτ' ἀποσκήπτει βέλεα;
>
> Herod. Hist. l. 7.

> Saevius ventis agitatur ingens
> Pinus: et celsae graviore casu
> Decidunt turres: feriuntque summos
> Fulgura montes.
>
> Hor. Carm. l. ii. 6. 7.

> The thunderbolts on highest mountains light
> And seld or never strike the lower plains.
>
> Tasso, ap. Fairfax.

EDMUND WALLER.

MISCELLANIES.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at St. Andero.

low had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
ınd reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the main;
Vith British bounty in his ship he feasts
'he' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
'o find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
'he entertainment of their great Madrid.
lealths to both kings, attended with the roar
f cannons, echoed from the' affrighted shore,
Vith loud resemblance of his thunder, prove,
acchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;
Vhile to his harp divine Arion sings
he loves and conquests of our Albion kings.
Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,
ierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
e rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head,
ais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
ill love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
ought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
eglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
'es and resumes the sceptre of our state)

Woos for his master; and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The lady Bona, whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave the' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.
What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage;
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load;

ich a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
: good boat this tempest should outlive.
orms increase, and now no hope of grace
hem shines, save in the Prince's face;
resign their courage, skill, and sight,
er, horror, and unwelcome night.
tle vessel (wont with state and pride
mooth back of silver Thames to ride)
: astonish'd in the angry main,
's car did, while the golden rein
e young hand of his advent'rous son,*
ie whole world an equal hazard run
of ours, the light of whose desire
hreaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
patient Sea grows impotent and raves,
ght assisting, his impetuous waves
ind resistance from so light a thing;
irges ruin, those our safety bring.
pressed vessel doth the charge abide,
:ause assail'd on every side:
with rage and passion set on fire,
ng for haste, impeach their mad desire.
ale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
their wonder did divert their care,
he Prince with danger mov'd no more
th the pleasures of their court before:
his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
often, nor the face of Death affright.
the pow'r of making tempests cease,
that storm to have so calm a peace.
:aro could no greater tempest feign,
he loud winds usurping on the main

* Phaeton.

For angry Juno labour'd to destroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'
In honourable fight: our hero, set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she*
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
The' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who, nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:

* Venus.

She the glad Morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of ensuing day,
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wondering world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's first summons' seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung;
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire;
Which there provokes the' advent'rous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And, climbing o'er the waves, that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on *that fair Hero's* hand extends.

The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
knock;
Whose rage restrain'd, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister states.
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard, 'All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.'
O see the then sole hope, and, in design
Of Heav'n, our joy, supported by a line!
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God! can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The sacred Wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopt,
When from the body such a limb was lopt,

ı to thy present state was no less maim,
ıough thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
›ld Homer durst not so great virtue feign
his best pattern:* of Patroclus slain,
'ith such amazement as weak mothers use,
nd frantic gesture, he receives the news.
et fell his darling by the' impartial chance
f war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
hine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
'orn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous painter† could allow no place
or private sorrow in a prince's face:
'et, that his piece might not exceed belief,
le cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'was want of such a precedent as this
lade the old Heathen frame their gods amiss.
'heir Phœbus should not act a fonder part
or the fair boy,‡ than he did for his hart;
'or blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
hat kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
known.
He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
ıall find his passion nor his love exceeds:
e curs'd the mountains where his brave friend died,
ıt let false Ziba with his heir divide;
here thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
ke that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
.ch huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
ıdlike, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!
hich of the ancient poets had not brought
ır Charles's pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
›w some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
oduc'd *this mix'd* Divinity and Love?

* *Achilles.* † Timanthes. ‡ Cyparissus.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beasts and monsters as their force opprest,
Some places only, and some times infest.
Salle, that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd;
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside;
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through the' obliged world dilates his name.
  The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas;
With ships they made the spoiled merchant mourn;
With ships their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas,
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the sovereign of the sea!
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades,

› for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
:'d the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.
orocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
: that his presence his affairs exact,
come in person to have seen and known
injur'd world's revenger and his own.
er he sends the chief among his peers,
› in his bark proportion'd presents bears;
he renown'd for piety and force,
' captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

' shipwreck'd vessel which the' Apostle bore,
:e suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
did his temple in the sea of time,
ation's glory, and our nation's crime.
n the first Monarch* of this happy isle,
d with the ruin of so brave a pile,
work of cost and piety begun,
e accomplish'd by his glorious son,
all that came within the ample thought
s wise sire has to perfection brought;
ke Amphion, makes those quarries leap
air figures from a confus'd heap;
n his art of regiment is found
wer like that of harmony in sound.
ose antique minstrels sure were Charles-like [kings,
› their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings,

* King James I.

On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took
So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad saint shakes off at his comman
As once the viper from his sacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
  Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her nam
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty and greatness of his mind;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallowed from the jaws of tin
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace
More than by force of argument or hand. [m
For doubtful reason few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it should amend;
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.
  Not aught which Sheba's wondering queen bel
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
  While the propitious heavens this work atte
Long-wanted showers they forget to send;
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun which riseth to salute the quire,
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the western end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,*
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
The' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy than build.

—Sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis— *Hor.*

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rd Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her note she [fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,

* *Apollo.*

Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded soul
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd he threw the worthless worm away.
She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:
'Could nature then no private woman grace,
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?'
Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,

t whom ill Fate would ruin it prefers,
all the miserable are made her's.
he fair tree whereon the eagle builds, [shields:
r sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
royal bird possesses all the boughs,
shade and shelter to the flock allows.
ɔy of our age, and safety of the next!
which so oft thy fertile womb is vext,
ly contented, for the public good,
waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,
at vast hopes may these islands entertain,
ere monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
l by commanders of so fair a line,
seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.
brave romance who would exactly frame,
it brings his knight from some immortal dame,
l then a weapon and a flaming shield,
ght as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
ie might the mother of Achilles be,
the fair pearl and glory of the sea:*
: man to whom great Maro gives such fame,†
m the high bed of heavenly Venus came;
l our next Charles, whom all the stars design
e wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

* Thetis. † Æneas.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY WHO CAN DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

Mr charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
  Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasure, such true joys dispense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
  Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command;
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among the' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendor of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold Mæonian* made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep;
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
Neither of your hearts at home.

* Homer.

Debtors thus with like design,
  When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
  To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
  Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
  And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
  Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
  Or with more consent do move.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;

e haughty and the proud,
the frolic, and the loud.
t the generous steed oppress'd,
:ling did salute the beast;
high courage, life, and force,
ning, tam'd the' unruly horse.
:ly we the wiser East
posing them opprest,
ants' force, whose law is will,
ı they govern, spoil, and kill:
nph, but moderately fair,
ls with no less rigour here.
ome brave Turk, that walks among
ty lasses, bright and young,
cons to the willing dame,
. to quench his present flame,
s many gallants here,
dest guise and silent fear,
e female idol bend,
:r high pride does scarce descend
their follies, he would swear
ae her guard of eunuchs were,
a more majestic queen,
ler slaves, he had not seen.
s with indignation spoke,
struggled with the yoke
:y Love; that conquering look,
xt beheld, like lightning strook
:d soul, and made me bow
ıan those I pitied now.
tall stag, upon the brink
smooth stream about to drink,
g there his armed head,
me remembers that he fled

The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.
  Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
  To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
  Ah, Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

Hylas, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
  Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
  Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

Hyl. Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things
  Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
  Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

Chlo. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
  Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
  And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

Hyl. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
  Which the warm season hither does bring;
Time from yourself does further remove
  You than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath *blasted.*

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for some ages had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,
While she bid War, to all that durst, supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old:
Feeding with these the brib'd electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us emperors and popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.
  When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,

Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
  And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
  Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
  Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind;
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly tow'rd their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
  Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near the' Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Here Heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The Marquis* (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;

* Of Badajoz.

laid him by his burning lady's side,
ince he could not save her, with her died.
and gums about them melting fry,
hœnix-like, in that rich nest they die:
in flames of equal love they burn'd,
ow together are to ashes turn'd;
more worth than all their funeral cost,
he huge treasure which was with them lost.
dying lovers, and their floating sons,
d the fight, and silence all our guns:
and youth, about to perish, finds
oble pity in brave English minds,
the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
our now to save their enemies.
ail our passions! how soon changed are
rath and fury to a friendly care!
hat but now for honour and for plate
he sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
heir young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
greater hazard than they fought they dive.
these returns victorious Montagu,
aurels in his hand, and half Peru.
e brave generals divide that bough,
eat Protector hath such wreaths enough:
nquering head has no more room for bays
et it be as the glad nation prays;
e rich ore forthwith be melted down,
e state fix'd by making him a crown:
rmine clad, and purple, let him hold
l sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?
  Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
  For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand:
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade,

lants dancing by the river side;
the in summer and in winter slide.
s I hear the music in the boats,
loud echo which returns the notes,
verhead a flock of new sprung fowl
ı the air, and does the sun control,
ıg the sky: they hover o'er, and shrowd
ıton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
a shoal of silver fishes glides,
ʼs about the gilded barges' sides:
es angling in the crystal lake,
the waters with the prey they take:
victorious with their lines and eyes,
ıke the fishes and the men their prize.
nd Cupids on the billows ride,
nymphs enter with the swelling tide;
ıetis sent as spies, to make report,
the wonders of her sovereign's court.
can, living, feed the greedy eye
the palate, here you may descry:
cest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
's sheet, inhabiting this Park;
a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
ıaded branches hide the lofty mound.
ious ways the spacious alleys lead,
tful Muse knows not what path to tread.
the harvest of cold months laid up,
resh coolness to the royal cup:
e, like crystal firm, and never lost,
hot July with December's frost;
dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
he warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.

Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below. [snow,
Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoaking culverin it were shot.
Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from the' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs,
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates;
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;

structure by a prelate* rais'd Whitehall,
t with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
, disproportion'd to the present state
eir proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
n hence he does that antique pile† behold,
re royal heads receive the sacred gold:
ves them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
re made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:
ing the circle of their reign complete,
e suns of Empire! where they rise they set.
n others fell, this standing did presage
crown should triumph over popular rage:
l by that House‡ where all our ills were shap'd
' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
now of Ætna does unmelted lie,
nce rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
distant country in the ruin shares;
t falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
t that capacious Hall§ he sees, the room
re the whole nation does for justice come;
er whose large roof flourishes the gown,
judges grave on high tribunals frown.
e, like the people's pastor, he does go,
flock subjected to his view below:
which reflecting in his mighty mind,
private passion does indulgence find:
pleasures of his youth suspended are,
made a sacrifice to public care.
e, free from court compliances, he walks,
with himself, his best adviser, talks,
' peaceful olives may his temples shade,
mending laws, and for restoring trade:

* Cardinal *Wolsey.* † Westminster Abbey
‡ *House of Commons.* § Westminster Hall.

Or how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
Four nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace* bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument.
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect
Which at his birth appear'd, to let us see
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A prince on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform these nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE

INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

The modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,

* St. James's.

'rovoke the German, and, neglecting Heav'n,
'orget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.
His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
'he chief imperial city of the west*,
Vith the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
Iis treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
'he standard lost, and janizaries slain,
'ender the hopes he gave his master vain.
'he flying Turks that bring the tidings home,
'enew the memory of his father's doom;
nd his guard murmurs, that so often brings
own from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
Iis own ill conduct by another's fate:
'he Grand Visier, a tyrant though a slave,
 fair example to his master gave;
Ie Bassas' heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.
The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Iade the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies; yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.
The Turks so low, why should the Christian lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led:

* Vienna.

He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
  But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves opprest:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
  What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask
Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.
  In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
  The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
  Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus, did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace.

Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line shall long
Last in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!

Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

LATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA; AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

was not better by her Horace taught,
we are here to comprehend his thought:
oet writ to noble Piso there;
le Piso does instruct us here;
us a pattern in his flowing style,
ith rich precepts does oblige our isle:
ı! whose genius is in verse express'd,
nd sublime, but negligently dress'd.
ıce will our superfluous branches prune,
s new rules, and set our harp in tune;
us how to back the winged horse,
his flight, and moderate his force.
ugh poets may of inspiration boast,
rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
t proportion'd wonders can disclose,
e his fancy and his judgment shows.
moral writing we may learn from hence,
t of which no wit can recompense.
untain which from Helicon proceeds,
ıered stream! should never water weeds,
ıke the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
envy or perverted nature sow.
-sounding verses are the charm we use,
thoughts and virtue to infuse:
of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
y move more in lofty numbers told.
loud trumpet, which our cougear aids,
rn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public, action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as of old, wise bards employ'd to make
Unpolished men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes:
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
Upon those late discover'd isles!

ID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
etwixt a nation and two whales I write.
eas stain'd with gore I sing, adventrous toil!
nd how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
hat happy island where huge lemons grow,
nd orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
he' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
n the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
he lofty cedar, which to Heav'n aspires,
he prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
he smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
or incense might on sacred altars burn:
heir private roofs on odorous timber borne,
uch as might palaces for kings adorn.
he sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
ith leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
nder the shadow of whose friendly boughs
hey sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
igs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
uch *as fierce Cato* did the Romans show,

With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but the seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.

ı their trees, in our dull region set,
ıntly grow, and no perfection get,
his northern tract our hoarser throats
unripe and ill-constrained notes,
the supporter of the poet's style,
s, on them eternally does smile.
ɔw I long my careless limbs to lay
the plantain's shade, and all the day
morous airs my fancy entertain,
the Muses, and improve my vein!
sion there in my free breast should move,
ıut the sweet and best of passions, love.
while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
ınes my lute, and winds the string so high,
ıe sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
ce the listening savages grow tame.——
ile I do these pleasing dreams indite,
verted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

rocks so high about this island rise,
ell they may the numerous Turk despise,
o human fate exempt from fear,
shakes their hearts, while through the isle
hey hear
g noise, as horrid and as loud
der makes before it breaks the cloud.

Three days they dread this murmur ere they kno
From what blind cause the' unwonted sound m:
At length two monsters of unequal size, [grow
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tos
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shat-
ter'd.
Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have
nurst.
The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.

So was the huntsman by the bear opprest,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love and honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing
fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil.
And how the fishes suck'd the isle.

The boat which on the first assault did go,
Took with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Had as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
A broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,

Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when, provok'd, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.

ıeir lances spent, one bolder than the rest,
ith his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
:r oily side devours both blade and haft,
ıd there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
urage the rest from his example take,
d now they change the colour of the lake:
ood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
if they would prevent the tardy tide,
d raise the flood to that propitious height,
might convey her from this fatal streight.
e swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
Heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
eir fixed javelins in her side she wears,
d on her back a grove of pikes appears;
u would have thought, had you the monster seen
ıus drest, she had another island been.
aring she tears the air with such a noise,
well resembled the conspiring voice
routed armies, when the field is won,
reach the ears of her escaped son.
, though a league removed from the foe,
ıstes to her aid: the pious Trojan* so,
:glecting for Creüsa's life his own,
:peats the danger of the burning town.
ıe men, amazed, blush to see the seed
'monsters human piety exceed.
ell proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
ıat love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
ıeir courage droops, and hopeless now, they wish
ır composition with the' unconquer'd fish;
she their weapons would restore again,
ırough rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.

* Æneas.

But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of arms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita! * *
Nam divinus amor cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * *Lucretius*, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.
Ovid. de Tris. lib. iv. el. i.

THE ARGUMENTS.

Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.

. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.

I. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.

'. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.

Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.

[. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

HE Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,
or Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
rail deities! which first the poets made,
nd then invok'd, to give their fancies aid:

Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the' eternal World.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this book entitled us to Heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke
And band of all society is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what thy swear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes
Is the first step tow'rds being good or wise;

though with judgment we on things reflect,
will determines, not our intellect.
es to their passion, reason men employ
· to compass what they would enjoy.
fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
Sacred Writ our reason does exceed;
though Heav'n shows the glory of the Lord,
something shines more glorious in his Word;
nercy this, (which all his work excels!)
:ender kindness and compassion tells:
le we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
the bowels of our Maker look.
: there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
had beginning) shall our song commend;
:ribe itself, and warm us with that flame
ch first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
ıurs too much of private interest.
mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
ı for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
·eater yet from Heav'n to hell descends,
ave and make his enemies his friends.
.t line of praise can fathom such a love,
ch reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
royal prophet,* that extended grace
n Heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.
law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:

* David.

Heav'n was scarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world the' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place:
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;
Earth, sea, and Heav'n, were all the' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author whose capcaious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heav'n, and give each star a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest;
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.

reate, it is a world he makes;
ngry, the creation shakes:
just wrath our guilty parents fled;
l the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
ne storm his bounty did exceed,
h promise of the Virgin's seed:
ustice death, as satisfaction, craves,
ls a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

ng terror should his image move;
a pattern of eternal love:
lescends to treat a peace with those
ere, and must have ever been, his foes.
became, and left his glorious seat
us humble, and to make us great:
ess here was happiness to give
whose malice could not let him live.
s of angels, which he might have us'd
esolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
y stood ready to prevent his loss,
s him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
love! which in his bowels reign'd,
might be by such great love constrain'd
return of love. Upon this pole
does, and our religion, roll.
s to believe, to hope, to know;
say, a taste of Heav'n below!
proud potentates would not be known;
that lov'd him he was hid from none.
appear we live in anxious doubt;
e will vanish when that flame breaks out.

This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
  Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in Heav'n, it does but sojourn here.
  He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heav'n does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
  'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

/ man, or misery, is born,
roud foe the envy, or the scorn:
ed he is, or happy in extreme;
himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
ve, of all created things the best;
: it, more pernicious than the rest;
edy wolves unguarded sheep devour
le their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
oundless avarice his want exceeds,
his neighbours round about him feeds.
ide and vain ambition are so vast,
luge-like, they lay whole nations waste.
ies and excess (though with less noise)
t a portion of mankind destroys.
sts and monsters Hercules oppreat,
i that age some provinces infest;
ore destructive monsters are the bane
/ age, and in all nations reign;
n would vanish, if the world were bless'd
cred love, by which they are repress'd.
ident death and guilt that threatens hell,
adful guests, which here with mortals dwell:
ex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
ts of despair, does their whole life annoy;
: appearing, all those terrors fly;
contented, and contented die.
whose breast this sacred love has place,
s a passage to their joy embrace.
and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
i's victorious beams may chase away:

Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,
Of Heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold
Not as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
He that long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble! but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
Love, strong as death, and, like it, levels all:
With that possest, the great in title fall:
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has blest.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men;
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood, that for our ransom died!

CANTO VI.

Though the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first-spark of new-created light,
From chaos struck, affects our present sight,
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the' endeavour, brings reward,
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound
Of David's harp a present solace found;
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind,

ul contending to that light to fly
ıer dark cell, we practise how to die;
ying thus the poet's winged art,
ch this love, and grave it in our heart.
complete, so solid, and severe,
leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
ey would look, as stars that must be gone,
from the East the rising sun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

ır of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
ıkes all ills that vex us here to cease.
ı the word Fear some men may ill endure,
:h a fear as only makes secure.
no angel to reveal thy fate;
ı thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
invites will not the' invited mock,
g to all that do in earnest knock.
ɔes are all well-grounded on this fear;
assurance rolls upon that sphere.
ar, that drives all other fears away,
: my song the morning of our day!
that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd.
's from Heav'n an angel for a guard.
illity and peace this fear does give;
pes for those that do without it live.

It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext,
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The world's great conqueror* would his point pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
To make him work until a third he spied.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy but in pursuing more;
No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.

* Alexander.

Men take no pleasure but in new designs;
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beasts than they! that will not understand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred Word.

CANTO II.

Earth praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heav'n those that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without the' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd such a habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.

Fools anger show, which politicians hide;
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show;
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.
Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.

at my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
hat I now could write as well as then!
'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,
felt as throes, when we are born again:
ely they come, to wean us from this earth,
angs that wait upon a second birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

IN TWO CANTOS.

sioned upon sight of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton.*

CANTO I.

's we prize, when in their verse we find
e great employment of a worthy mind.
els have been inquisitive to know
secret which this oracle does show.
t was to come Isaiah did declare,
ch she describes as if she had been there;
seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
y thrives which on the oak takes hold,
ith the prophet's may her lines grow old!
ey should die, who can the world forgive,
h pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
with his breath his image did inspire,
ects it should foment a nobler fire:

* *Anne Lee, afterward Marchioness of Wharton.*

Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place,
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When dropt from Heaven 'tis thither sent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that He reigns all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust:
From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, the' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did first this way of writing grace,*
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell.
As if consulted with, he has exprest
The work of the Creator, and his rest;
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.

* Moses.

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high;
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat:
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.
She led them all against the common foe;
But he (misled by what he saw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;

t she sung that spirit did endite,
ave her courage and success in fight.
e garland crowns the matchless dame;
eav'n her poem and her conquest came.
h of the Jews she merit most esteem,
the Christian has the greater theme:
tial song describes how Sisera fell;
s our triumph over death and hell.
ng light employ'd the sacred breath
lest Virgin and Elizabeth.
of joy the angels sung his birth:
w he treated was upon the earth
ng we read! the' affliction and the scorn,
or our guilt so patiently was borne!
ion, birth, and suffering, all belong,
various parts) to one celestial song;
, well using so divine an art,
his concert sung the tragic part.
nnah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
this lady consecrates her Muse.
e reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
it as fair as by her Muse is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you Winds! listen, ethereal Lights!
While our Urania sings what Heav'n indites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne;
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests which his own hand did pen?
  In the Evangelists we find the prose,
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

ON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

His sacred name with reverence profound
uld mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
'as Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow!*
brought it down that taught us how to pray,
l did so dearly for our ransom pay.
. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
ess he does in our affections reign.
urd it were to wish for such a King,
l not obedience to his sceptre bring,
ose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
service freedom, and his judgments right.
I. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
, as in Heav'n, it must be made our own.
will should all our inclinations sway,
om Nature and the universe obey.
ppy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
what has been eternally design'd;
erring all to his paternal care,
whom more dear than to ourselves we are.
V. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
e new-born babes depending on the breast,
m day to day we on his bounty feast:
should the soul expect above a day
dwell in her frail tenement of clay:

* Psalm xviii. 9.

The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live:
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand,
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living sing thy praise,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis! * * *
Virginibus puerisque canto. *Hor.*

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

EN we for age could neither read nor write,
subject made us able to indite:
soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
body stooping, does her self erect.
nortal parts are requisite to raise
that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
he seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
alm are we when passions are no more!
then we know how vain it was to boast
leeting things so certain to be lost.
ıds of affection from our younger eyes
ceal that emptiness which age descries.
he soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
in new light through chinks that time has made:
nger by weakness, wiser men become,
hey draw near to their eternal home.
ving the old, both worlds at once they view,
t stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * Miratur limen Olympi. *Virg.*

EPISTLES.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

RE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,
ıge to thee, and peace to all, she brings:
French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
et their hatred, and consent to fear.
ıve from Ida did both hosts survey,
when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
ı heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
on the deep imposest nobler laws,
by that justice hast remov'd the cause
ose rude tempests, which for rapine sent,
ɔft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
ı both those fates, of storms and piracy;
ve most happy, who can fear no force
vinged troops, or Pegasean horse.
ıot so hard for greedy foes to spoil
her nation as to touch our soil.
ld Nature's self invade the world again,
o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand
'd *but enlarge* the bounds of thy command:

Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might g
And visit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's Restorer once could not endure
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood;
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

TO VAN DYKE.

Rare artisan! whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy shop of Beauty we
Slaves return'd that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.

Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire;
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel!
So you the' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse,)
Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliss?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When Nature's self so often errs?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
  But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow
That could this deathless piece compose!
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

TO MY

YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY

Why came I so untimely forth
  Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
  Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
  That age which you may know so soon
The rosy Morn resigns her light
  And milder glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so!

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
  And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
  Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand *that* does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.
Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
  If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
  All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
  If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
  If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee..
  'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:

If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heav'n (as easily scal'd) does know!
  Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
  Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
  Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame!
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
It would to Heav'n itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
  Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

ıis! yourself you so excel,
en you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
like a spirit, with this spell
ny own teaching, I am caught.

:agle's fate and mine are one,
ich, on the shaft that made him die,
d a feather of his own,
erewith he wont to soar so high.

:cho, with so sweet a grace,
cissus' loud complaints return'd,
ır reflection of his face,
of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Cælia! for thy sake I part
all that grew so near my heart;
assion that I had for thee,
ıith, the love, the constancy!
hat I may successful prove,
form myself to what you love.
l that I was! so much to prize
simple virtues you despise:
that with such dull arrows strove,
p'd to reach a flying dove:

For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
  Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
  The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art; the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
  Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
  A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success:

ir story, one, we see,
nymph, and takes a tree;
with a lover's haste,
takes whom he had chas'd;
at did a virgin seem,
appears a wandering stream.
pposed love, a third
dy hold upon a bird,
s amaz'd to find his dear
abitant of the' air.
e old tales such nymphs as you
it, and still make them new;
ous now like wonders find
ft changes of your mind.
lia, if you apprehend
of your incensed friend,
l that he record your blame,
it live, repeat the same;
eive him and again,
he swears he'll not complain:
be deluded so,
leasure lovers know;
good falconers, take delight,
quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY,

E WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

ntending to have tried
'er favour which you gave,
shining point I dy'd,
nch'd it in the sable wave;

When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd :—

'Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

'I, that expressed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!'

So I, the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these:
And now 'tis forced to confess
That your great self did near indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

! that such horror and such grace
well together in one place;
arm, an angel's face!

cence and youth which makes
is' fancy such mistakes,
at love, and play with snakes.

nd by her coldness barr'd,
ants have a task too hard:
nt has a double guard!

appy Snake! that in her sleeve
lly creep; we dare not give
ghts so unconfin'd a leave.

d in that nest of snow
ıs he his bliss did know,
ıe wood no more would go.

ed, fair Eve! you do not make
tempter of this Snake:
: one so warm'd would speak.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had [flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

:e safely might old troops to battle lead,
gainst the' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
/hose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
lore spoils than honour to the victor yield.

. race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
he Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
ave, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
een from all ages kept for you to tame.

/hom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
/ith a new chain of garrisons you bind:
:ere foreign gold no more shall make them come;
ur English iron holds them fast at home.

hey, that henceforth must be content to know
o warmer region then their hills of snow,
lay blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
/hich in our senate hath allow'd them place.

refer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
alling they rise, to be with us made one.
o kind Dictators made, when they came home,
heir vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

ike favour find the Irish, with like fate
dvanc'd to be a portion of our state;
/hile by your valour and your bounteous mind,
ations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

olland, to gain your friendship, is content
o be our outguard on the Continent:
he from her fellow-provinces would go,
ther than hazard to have you her foe.

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast:
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse.
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring.

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience have so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poeta;* and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

'Splendidis longum valedico nugis,
Hic versus, et cætera ludicra pono.'

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

JOHN DENHAM.

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and sor'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;

* Mr. Waller.

Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems; [run,
Where with like haste, though several ways, they
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
To' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.

ın we call it choice, when what we choose
ɔr blindness only could refuse.
vn of such majestic towers doth grace
ɔds' great mother, when her heavenly race
mage to her; yet she cannot boast,
ʒ that numerous and celestial host,
ıeroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
tal book record more noble names.
look back so far, to whom this isle
he first glory of so brave a pile,
ıer to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
ritish Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
gh this of old no less contest did move
vhen for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
ıe his fate, if mine had been his flame)
ıosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
brave place, and then as brave a mind.
recount those several kings to whom
a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
ee, great Edward! and thy greater son,*
lies which his father wore he won)
y Bellona,† who the consort came
ly to thy bed, but to thy fame;
thy triumph led one captive king,‡
ought that son which did the second‡ bring;
lidst thou found that Order (whether love
ory thy royal thoughts did move:)
vas a noble cause, and nothing less
he design has been the great success,
foreign kings and emperors esteem
cond honour to their diadem.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him;
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd:
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Vie wing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
The' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more:
Were these their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,

'ho, having spent the treasures of his crown,
ondemns their luxury to feed his own;
nd yet this art, to varnish o'er the shame
f sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
io crime so bold but would be understood
real, or at least, a seeming good.
Vho fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
nd, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
'hus he the church at once protects and spoils;
ut princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
nd thus to the' ages past he makes amends;
heir charity destroys, their faith defends,
hen did Religion, in a lazy cell,
empty airy contemplations dwell,
nd like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
s much too active, like the stork devours.
there no temperate region can be known
twixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
uld we not wake from that lethargic dream,
it to be restless in a worse extreme?
d for that lethargy was there no cure
it to be cast into a calenture;
n knowledge have no bound, but must advance
far, to make us wish for ignorance,
d rather in the dark to grope our way,
an, led by a false guide, to err by day?
'ho sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
hat barbarous invader sack'd the land?
it when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
is desolation, but a Christian king;
'hen nothing but the name of zeal appears
'wixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
hat does he think our sacrilege would spare,
'hen such the' effects of our devotions are?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth to' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee; and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;

ugh deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
ng without rage, without o'erflowing full;
ven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
ose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
hine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.
: Nature, whether more intent to please
or herself, with strange varieties,
things of wonder give no less delight
he wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
igh these delights from several causes move,
o our children, thus our friends, we love)
ly she knew the harmony of things,
ell as that of sounds, from discord springs,
was the discord which did first disperse
, order, beauty, through the universe:
e dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
hat we have, and that we are, subsists:
e the steep horrid roughness of the wood
es with the gentle calmness of the flood.
huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
ler from thence results, from thence delight.
stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
had the self-enamour'd youth† gaz'd here,
ally deceiv'd he had not been,
: he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
is proud head the airy mountain hides
g the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
dy mantle clothes: his curled brows
n on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
: winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
ommon fate of all that's high or great.

* The Forest. † Narcissus.

Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when the' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think the' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he feats is true.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these to' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their noble sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath,
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,

Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to' essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood
So toward a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among the' enrag'd hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands: but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,

Fair Liberty pursued *, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
The' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.'
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows the' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First a torrent, then a deluge, swells;

* *Runny Mead*, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

THE

PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease to' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop, with disinchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough:
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

When God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor the' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And though the' offending part felt mortal pain,
The' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,

both their parent and instructor was:
thence did learning into Egypt pass.
ı in all the' Egyptian arts was skill'd,
ı heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
ve to his high inspiration owe
what was done before the flood we know.
Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
p'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
us first, then Orpheus, civilize
ind, and gave the world their deities:
ıny gods they taught devotion,
ı were the distinct faculties of one:
Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
aught, and poets were the first divines.
Moses first, then David, did inspire,
mpose anthems for his heavenly quire:
e' one the style of Friend he did impart,
e' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
Moses, in the old original,
God the poet of the world doth call.
those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise,
Socrates, whom the' oracle call'd Wise.
ıivine Plato moral virtue shows,
his disciple Aristotle rose,
Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
ıat great soul our novelists impeach:
ıuch manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
: sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.
ree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
ıces sapless leaves instead of fruits.
. Greece all nations else barbarians held,
ng her learning all the world excell'd.
; from thence,* to Italy it came,
ɔ the realm of Naples gave the name,

* Græcia Major.

Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcon : trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart,
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part,
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, to' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight
And not to thy great ancestors do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to se
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive,
And from his brain that Helicon distil
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempests cease.
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace:
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious, that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same.*
What the Tragedian† wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold.

* Vates. † Seneca.

ıst the ocean shall unlock the bound*
ings, and a new world by Typhis found;
ages far remote shall understand
sle of Thule is not the farthest land.'
God, by these discoveries, did design [shine;
his clear light through all the world should
ıe obstruction from that discord springs
ɪrince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:
peaceful age with happiness to crown,
heaven the Prince of Peace himself came
down;
the true Sun of knowledge first appear'd,
he old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;
ıeavy cause of the' old accursed flood
in the sacred deluge of his blood.
assion man from his first fall redeem'd;
more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
himself was bound, till the' iron chain
ɔride did break, and let him loose again.
he old sting remain'd, and man began
mpt the serpent as he tempted man.
Hell sends forth her furies. Avarice, Pride,
l, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide:
gh the foundation on a rock were laid,
church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.
ıgh the Apostles these events foretold,
v'n the shepherd did devour the fold:
fisher to convert the world began
pride-convincing of vain-glorious man;
ıoon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
ch still maintains for his adopted son
patrimonies, though himself had none;

* The Prophecy.

Wresting the text to old giant's sense,
That heaven once re must suffer violence.
Then subtle d tures made their pr
Casuists, like cocks, ck out each others' e
Then d : disti reason's light disguis'
And into omiz'd :
T mer's Crescent, by our feuds inc
H a 'd remainders of the East.
T x p ct when from Greece to Rome it
de e Devotion's dame ;
Then ne, 's own pride did swel
His faithful emissary rose from hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did st
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred.
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so incre
That the whole world some ages they oppres
Till through those clouds the Sun of know
And Europe from her lethargy did wake; [b
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd
That they their churches' nursing fathers we
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-studied masterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conscious of the' eve
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt.

ıger by implicit faith we err,
t every man's his own interpreter;
ɔre conducted now by Aaron's rod,
lders from their ends create their god.
:ven wisê men the ancient world did know,
:arce know seven who think themselves not so.
ı man learn'd undefil'd religion,
'ere commanded to be all as one;
disputes that union have calcin'd;
ɜt as many minds as men we find;
when that flame finds combustible earth,
ce *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;
ɔns of sects and insects come in throngs;
ıme them all would tire a hundred tongues.
were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
ıuch the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
before, and dragons were behind.
from the clashes between popes and kings
:e, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.
ve's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
ike our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
e rich mines of Learning ransack'd are
rnish ammunition for this war;
ıritable zeal our reason whets,
louble edges on our passions sets.
he most certain sign the world's accurst,
the best things corrupted are the worst.
ı the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
.eath, and ignorance, o'er all the world.
sun like this (from which our sight we have)
on too long, resumes the light he gave;
vhen thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
ıide is error, and our visions dreams.

'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew.
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fin
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost;
And like a ball bandied 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The theist looking on enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course adva
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess,
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion:
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press.
Like Cham, to show their father's nakedness,
By whose example after ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief.
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and earth he did crea
Form'd man, who should of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circula

'hen, like a bridegroom, from the east the sun
ets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
ıto earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
'hose rivers to replenish which he drinks:
o Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
lack to the source some secret channel brings.
'is happy when our streams of knowledge flow
'o fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

'Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finen.'

ON

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S

TRIAL AND DEATH.

REAT Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
f thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
ush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
'hich too much merit did accumulate.
s chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
etexts are into treason forg'd by law.
s wisdom such, at once it did appear
ıree kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
hilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
ch had an army as an equal foe.
ch was his force of eloquence, to make
ıe hearers more concern'd than he that spake:
ch seem'd to act that part he came to see,
ıd none was more a looker on than he.
did he move our passions, some were known
wish, for the defence, the crime their own.

Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live:
Less seem those facts which treason's nickname bo
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They, after death, their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative phrenzy they repent,
Enacting, it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have scap'd, but would not los
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far:
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows:
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires!
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines;

oets near our princes sleep,
ɔne grave their mansion keep.
'd to see so many days,
: had blasted all their bays:
ɪed be the fatal hour
ɪck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
the Muses' garden grew,
ɔngst wither'd laurels threw!
hich made them their fame outlive,
ley scarce did ripeness give.
her Wit, and Nature, gave
are and Fletcher all they have:
ɜer, and in Jonson, Art
:r Nature got the start;
ı in him so equal are,
ɪows which bears the happier share.
no author was unknown,
t he wrote was all his own:
ed not the ancient gold,
h Ben Jonson, did make bold
der all the Roman stores
; and of orators.
ɜ wit and Virgil's state
ɪot steal, but emulate;
en he would like them appear,
ɪrb but not their clothes did wear.
'rom Rome alone, but Greece,
ɪon, brought the Golden Fleece,
that language (though to none
ɔthers) as his own was known.
ff gale (as Flaccus* sings)
eban swan extends his wings,

* His Pindarics.

When through the' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all, that saw and tasted, know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,*
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And show the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;

* His last works.

Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with the' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,

Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
To' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakspeare, and thyself, did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow,
On Shakspeare's gentler Muse, in thee, full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But, mix'd like the elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature that mere Art can name.
'Twas this the ancients meant: nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

Reader, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
When every line they add improves thy loss,
Till having view'd the whole, they sum a cross,
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief;
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
Of an exemption from just sense doth show
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which completes the ages' tyrannies;
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
What sin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans hath guided so severe a hand!
The late great victim* that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny;

* King Charles the First.

But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
But this white fated youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious smoke
That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.
Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing parts.
Like the meridian beam his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory to the skies.
  Great saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw's near,
That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomise:
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.
Though sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE CROOKE.*

(From Harl. M S. 6933)

THIS was the man the glory of the gown,
Just to himself, his country, and the crown!
The Atlas of our liberty, as high
In his own fame as other's infamy!
Great by his virtues, great by others' crimes,
The best of Judges in the worst of times!
He was the first, who happily did sound
Unfathom'd royalty, and felt the ground;
Yet happier to behold that dawning ray,
Shot from himself, became a perfect day;
To hear his judgment so authentic grown,
The kingdom's voice the echo to his own.
Nor did he speak, but live the laws; although
From his sage mouth grave oracles did flow.
Who knew his life, maxims might thence derive
Such as the law to law itself might give.
Who saw him on the bench, might think the name
Of friendship or affection never came
Within his thoughts; who saw him, thence might know
He never had, nor could deserve, a foe;

* This poem was one of Denham's best, and was first printed in the Topographer, vol. ii. Sir George Crooke was made a Judge of the King's Bench in 1629; and rendered himself famous by his dissent from his brethren on the question of ship money. His Reports are still in high repute. He died Feb. 15, 1641, at the age of 83.

Only assuming rigour with his gown,
And with his purple laid his rigour down.
  Him nor respect nor disrespect could move,
He knew no anger, nor his place no love;
So mix'd the stream of all his actions ran,
So much a Judge, so much a gentleman:
Who durst be just, when justice was a crime,
Yet durst no more, e'en in too just a time:
Not hurried by the highest mover's force
Against his proper and resolved course;
But when our world did turn, so kept his ground,
He seem'd the axe, on which the wheel went round;
Whose zeal was warm, when all to ice did turn,
Yet was but warm, when all the world did burn.
No ague in religion e'er inclin'd
To this or that extreme his fixed mind.
  Rest, happy soul! till the world's last assize,
When call'd by thy Creator thou shall rise,
With thy Redeemer in commission join'd,
To sit upon the clouds, and judge mankind.

ON

MY LORD CROFT'S

AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND.

From whence we brought 10,000l. for his Majesty, by the decima tion of his Scotish subjects there.

  Toll, toll,
Gentle bell! for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroll.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive;

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well pen'd;

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares.
As their answer now declares;
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the Diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten.
The Diet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the truth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend Mollesson)
Thought us to have outgone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before
Of the mischiefs in store,
Aye, and thrice as much more:

And with that wicked lie
A letter they came by
From our King's majesty.

But Fate
Brought the letter too late:
'Twas of too late a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzic, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

it later been wrote,
ıd sooner been brought,
y had got what they sought;
ıt now it serves for nought.

landys* they ran aground,
our return was crown'd
ı full ten thousand pound.

ON

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

ur resident Tom
om Venice is come,
hath left the statesman behind him;
alks at the same pitch,
as wise, is as rich;
just where you left him you find him.

ıt who says he was not
man of much plot,
repent that false accusation;
aving plotted and pen'd
x plays, to attend
farce of his negotiation.

*Mr. W.

Before you were told
How Satan* the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

NATURA NATURATA.

What gives us that fantastic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

Why is it then thought sin or shame
Those necessary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We're present; but no stander-by
Looks on, when we that loss supply,

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE

AGAINTS LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dip'd, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Through those deceitful sallyports
Our centinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

ecure from low and private ends,
is life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
is prince, his country, and his friends.

anger and honour are his joy;
ut a fond wife or wanton boy
ay all those generous thoughts destroy.

hen he lays by the public care,
hinks of providing for an heir;
earns how to get, and how to spare.

or fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
he Trojan hero did affright,
ho bravely twice renew'd the fight:

hough still his foes in numbers grew,
hicker their darts and arrows flew,
et, left alone, no fear he knew.

ut Death in all her forms appears,
rom every thing he sees and hears,
or whom he leads and whom he bears.*

ove, making all things else his foes,
ike a fierce torrent overflows
hatever doth his course oppose.

his was the cause, the poets sung,
hy mother from the sea was sprung;
ut they were mad to make thee young.

er father, not her son, art thou:
rom our desires our actions grow;
nd from the cause the' effect must flow.

* His father and son.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder to the god of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matchless Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure to' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when the' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

Yet timorous deer and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of 'I went from England.'

But will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
  And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way to' enjoy
  The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishop's bill denied,
And we still threaten'd to be tried?
  You see the King embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
  That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
  Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
  Once more to' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
  My labour was not lost:
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
  And these shall quit the cost.

I for this my country bring
ıelp their knight against their king,
nd raise the first sedition?
ıgh I the business did decline,
I contriv'd the whole design,
nd sent them their petition.

nany nights spent in the City
ıat invisible Committee,
he wheel that governs all:
n thence the change in church and state,
all the mischief bears the date
:om Haberdashers' Hall.

we force Ireland to despair,
n the King to cast the war,
o make the world abhor him,
ause the rebels us'd his name?
ugh we ourselves can do the same,
'hile both alike were for him.

n the same fire we kindled here
h what was given to quench it there,
nd wisely lost that nation:
lo as crafty beggars use,
naim themselves, thereby to' abuse
he simple man's compassion.

e I so often pass'd between
dsor and Westminster unseen,
nd did myself divide,
keep his Excellence in awe,
give the Parliament the law?
or *they knew none* beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
  And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, show'd them their parts
And taught them all their little arts
  To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
  To stroke the people's ears;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
  To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
  To edify the people:
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
  The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
  And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
  If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
  That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
  But us, against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or, being good, it is so still;
  And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
  That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
  And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed,
The saints have ready at their need
  God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
  When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
  To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
  Oh! 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
  We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE FIVE MEMBERS OF

THE HON. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After so many concurring petitions,
From all ages, and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroud, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petition find great approbation;
Therefore as others from the' bottom of their souls,
So we, from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us;
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it;
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege: (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees.
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical Licence, and always did claim it,
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth:
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet or the devil has taught ye:

And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed;
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it.
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense.
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it:
And though you are modest, and seem to abhor it,
It has done you good service, and thank hell for it.
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctified cause must have a sanctified course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;
Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A

WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know,
Not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western wonder?
When a hundred and ten
Slew five thousand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was slain,
Again and again,
Or else my author did lie;
With a new thanksgiving
For the dead who are living,
To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side
Was this miracle tried?
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves
Are risen from their graves
To cudgel the clowns of Deven.

And there Stamford came,
For his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought,
But a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns
His arms and his guns,
nd leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after;
Unless he takes water,
.t Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost,
And Stamford hath lost,
oes deep in the sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal
With your new great seal,
'or Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Case,
In your pray'r and grace,
emember the new thanksgiving;
Isaac and his wife,
Now dig for your life,
r shortly you'll dig for your living.

A

SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder,
Of the lightning and thunder,
Vhich made the lie so much the louder:
Now list to another,
That miracle's brother,
Vhich was done with a firkin of powder.

O, what a damp
It struck through the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies
Without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book,
Which the newsmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter,
Where, in the first place,
Stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it show much the better.

But now, without lying,
You may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him:
Great William the Con,
So fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post,
Save all that was lost;
But, alas! we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale,
Or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case
With a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Though his mouth utter'd lies,
Truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops,
And spend your last drops
'or the laws, not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start,
And play the second part
f the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

TO

SIR JOHN MENNIS,

BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE TO EAT A PIG.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom, I think, they call Old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,*
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cried a pox on!

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, 'Hang him, pirate.'

We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat ch woman, who broke wind all along.

Thou might'st have ta'en example
From what thou read'st in story,
  Being as worthy to sit
  On an ambling tit,
As thy predecessor Dory.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter:
  But the rain made an ass
  Of tilt and canvass,
And the snow, which you know is a melter

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Astcot,
  Who was soak'd to the skin
  Through drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
  Defied cart so base,
  For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
  One day for to sing,
  With gullet in string,
A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this bus'ness?
For sure it was important;
  For who rides i' th' wet,
  When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John! thou hadst a malice;
  The old driver of swine
  That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

EPISTLES.

TO

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

Since is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth st
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation: for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are.
[illegible] thou toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That sterile path thou nobly dost decline
Of trading word by word, and line by line
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
[illegible] whose narrowness affords
Not fight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at wor
[illegible] and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lett'st in thine own, to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place;
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand, which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A varied posture or a flattering dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON 'THE BRITISH PRINCES.'

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines;

And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poësy joins profit with delight
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise:
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes;
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law
And by the best original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his saucy crime:
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust;
And to old England you that right have done,
To show no story nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

, A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF CERTAIN CARNAL PASS-
AGES BETWIXT A QUAKER AND A COLT, AT HORSLEY,
NEAR COLCHESTER, IN ESSEX.

To the tune of 'Tom of Bedlam.'

All in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank
Was play'd such a prank
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

en to our whole profession
scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain
mongst the profane
v Brother Green was mounted

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
  Yet when did they hear
  That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol?

Had thy flesh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
  Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
  With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd-pie had swallow'd;

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
  Then fullness of gut
  Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation
  By our frugal Mayor,
  Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
  'Filly-Foal, (quoth he)
  My bride thou shalt be;
And how this is lawful learn all:

'For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
  In a large extent
  Thereby may be meant
That a mare 's as good as a madam.'

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiss'd her,
  But took her by force,
  For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
  Though we dare not say
  'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some backsliding.'

'No surely, (quoth James Naylor)
'Twas but an insurrection
  Of the carnal part,
  For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

'For (as our masters* teach us)
The' intent being well directed,
  Though the devil trepan
  The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected.'

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
  Then say what we can,
  Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter;
  But when him we enrol
  For a saint, Filly-Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

* The Jesuits.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
  O Colchester! now
  Who's Sodom but thou,
E'en according to the letter?

SONG.

MORPHEUS! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And though he fears no prince's frown
Flies from the circle of a crown:

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dip'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

TRANSLATION.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

ERE are so few translations which deserve 'aise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved ırdon; those who travel in that kind being, for e most part, so unhappy as to rob others without ıriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good thors without raising their own; neither hath y author been more hardly dealt withal than this ır master; and the reason is evident, for what is ɔst excellent is most inimitable; and if even the ɔrst authors are yet made worse by their translars, how impossible is it not to do great injury to e best? And, therefore, I have not the vanity to ink my copy equal to the original, nor (conseıently) myself altogether guiltless of what I acse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than hers have done, it will be in some degree to do m right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him ɔre right is the only scope of this essay, by ıening a new way of translating this author to

those whom youth, leisure, and better f
make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it as a vulgar error in translatin
to affect being *fidus interpres;* let that care l
them who deal in matters of fact, or mat
faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry,
attempts what is not required, so he shal
perform what he attempts: for it is not his b
alone to translate language into languag
poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle
that in the pouring out of one language i
other, it will all evaporate; and if a new s
not added in the transfusion, there will rem
thing but a *caput mortuum*, there being
graces and happinesses peculiar to every la
which give life and energy to the words; ar
soever offers at verbal translation shall ha
misfortune of that young traveller who l
own language abroad, and brought home n
instead of it: for the grace of the Latin
lost by being turned into English words, a
grace of the English by being turned into th
phrase. And as speech is the apparel
thoughts, so are there certain garbs and m
speaking which vary with the times, the
of our clothes being not more subject to
tion than that of our speech: and this I
Tacitus meant by that which he calls *se*
temporis istius auribus accommodatum; the
of change being as due to the curiosity of t
as of the eye; and, therefore, if Virgil must
speak English, it were fit he should spe
only as a man of this nation, but as a man
age; and if this disguise I have put upon

I could give it a better name) sit not naturally
asily on so grave a person, yet it may become
etter than that fool's coat wherein the French
talians have of late represented him; at least,
e it will not make him appear deformed, by
ng any part enormously bigger or less than the
(I having made it my principal care to follow
as he made it his to follow nature, in all his
ortions) neither have I any where offered such
nce to his sense as to make it seem mine and
is. Where my expressions are not so full as
either our language or my art was defective;
I rather suspect myself:) but where mine are
than his, they are but the impressions which
ften reading of him hath left upon my thoughts;
at if they are not his own conceptions, they
t least the results of them; and if (being con-
s of making him speak worse than he did al-
in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes
ake him speak better, I hope it will be judged
ror on the right hand, and such an one as may
ve pardon, if not imitation.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN

ESSAY ON THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆN

Written in the year 1636.

ARGUMENT.

THE first book speaks of Æneas' voyage by sea, and ho
cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was rec
queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make
tion of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argumen
book.

Whilst all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state:
Madam when you command us to review
Our fates, you make our old wounds bleed an
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd m
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unnatural'ly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
express the horror of my thoughts, which fly
and remembrance? Now the' expiring
declining stars to rest invite!
'Tis your command, what you so we
all to hear, I cannot grieve to tell

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return: this Fame
Divulges: then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unveil'd;
All through the' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile the' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks' suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains to' explore,
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, "What desperate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts."

(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king,
With joyful shouts, the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd;
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest;—
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks."
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
What of their counsels or affairs he knew?
Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you
All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew.

t mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
d me to his commands did recommend,
ıile laws and councils did his throne support;
ut a youth, yet some esteem and port
: then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
hings known I speak) he was of life bereft;
ce in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
l now, disdaining his unworthy end,
ɔuld not silence my complaints, but vow'd
venge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
ɔm thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
l guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears
fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
d then the prophet to his party drew.
: why do I these thankless truths pursue,
why defer your rage? on me for all
e Greeks let your revenging fury fall.
'sses this, the' Atridæ this desire
any rate." We straight are set on fire
ıpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire
e manner and the cause? which thus he told,
th gestures humble, as his tale was bold:
ft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
th tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd, [may'd
d would to Heav'n they'd gone, but still dis-
seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
efly when this stupendous pile was rais'd
ange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
patch Eurypylus to' inquire our fates,
ıo thus the sentence of the gods relates:
virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
ıen first towards Troy the Grecians took the
seas;

Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
Must purchase.' All at this confounded stood;
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what the mischief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom the' angry gods requir'
Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near;
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me,
My home, my father, and my sons, to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by these I beg; redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.'
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbi
Then spake the king: "Be ours; whoe'er t
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth im
Why did they raise, or to what use intend,
This pile? to' a warlike or religious end?"

Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands;
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye powers ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword
I 'scap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rites, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Assails the sacred tower; the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
Then that we should our sacrilege restore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile
The' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.

But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contr
Our sons then suffering what their sires woul
'Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'er
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This, seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god a bull did slay;
When two prodigious serpents were descrie
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face c
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breast
Their winding tails advance and steer their c
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows fc
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues
A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embra
His neck twice compassing and twice his wai
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths bes
Then loudly roars, as when the' enraged bull
From the' altar flies, and from his wounded sl
Shakes the huge axe. The conquering serpen
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there he

Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent. [wall,
'A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our work it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhymes,
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,
It enters with a thundering noise the town.
Oh, Troy! the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretels the' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now, by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds in-
The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Simon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores,
Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;

Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was: [wine
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood;
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were
thrust
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung:
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, "The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?"
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done.
Take here her relics and her gods, to run
With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
Which, toss'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect."

Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire;
Meanwhile, the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far; (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) approaching still more near,
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course
Bears down the' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the ploughman's toil, the' unlook'd-for noise,
From neighbouring hills the' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan seas did shine [sound
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful
The louder groans of dying men confound.
"Give me my arms," I cried; resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest.
Who, 'scaping with his gods and relics, fled,
And tow'rds the shore his little grandchild led:
"Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good?" but, sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incensed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,

And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came,
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,
At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did shine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Choræbus, Mygdon's son,
Who by the love of fair Cassandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, "Brave spirits! (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The state of our affairs
You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd:
Then let us fall amidst our foes. This one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none."
Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, to' assured death we pass;
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.

Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls:
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd reassume,
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her shapes, appears.
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd,
Thus greeting us; "You lose, by your delay,
Your share both of the honour and the prey:
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
Back to those ships which you but now forsake."
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:
But here an easy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorœbus said,
"O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions bear;
The same in foes deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest; all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.

Some reascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards Heaven, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain:
Chorœbus, at the spectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd
To second him, among the thickest ran:
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew,
Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then the' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from several coasts contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom: then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
And differing dialect; then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety

Nor consecrated mitre from the same
Ill fate could save. My country's funeral flame,
And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
The' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement: on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of the' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt the' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd:
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present) through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof from whence we could descry

All thine—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
Thus, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud:
But others still succeed. Meantime nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease——
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
Who, fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh, in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun:
With him his father's 'squire, Automedon,
And Periphas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands fling
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sate.
At the first gate an armed guard appears,
But the' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain: the torn portcullis falls;
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
A[illegible]'s his banks the' opposing dams o'erthrows

populates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
:pherds, and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
d now between two sad extremes I stood,
:e Pyrrhus and the' Atridæ drunk with blood,
:re the' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
l Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
ich his own hands had on the altar laid:
:n they the secret cabinets invade
ere stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
hat great race: the golden posts, whose tops
hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
:o the foe or to the fire a prey.
/ Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire?
ing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
his own palace by the Greeks possest,
ıs long disus'd his trembling limbs invest:
s on his foes he throws himself alone,
for their fate but to provoke his own.
re stood an altar open to the view
ıeaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
ıse shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
ıre whose feet the queen herself had cast
ı all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
oves whom an approaching tempest drives,
frights into one flock; but having spied
Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
ıs! my wretched husband! what pretence
ıear those arms! and in them what defence?
ı aid such times require not, when again
ector were alive he liv'd in vain:
ere we shall a sanctuary find,
s in life we shall in death be join'd."
, *weeping*, with kind force held and embrac'd,
n the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows:
"The gods requite thee: (if within the care
Of those above the' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
He blush'd, when I the rights of arms implor'd,
To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race." So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To the' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have. [proud
He whom such titles swell'd, such power mad
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd;
On the cold earth lies the' unregarded king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing!'

END OF VOL. VI.